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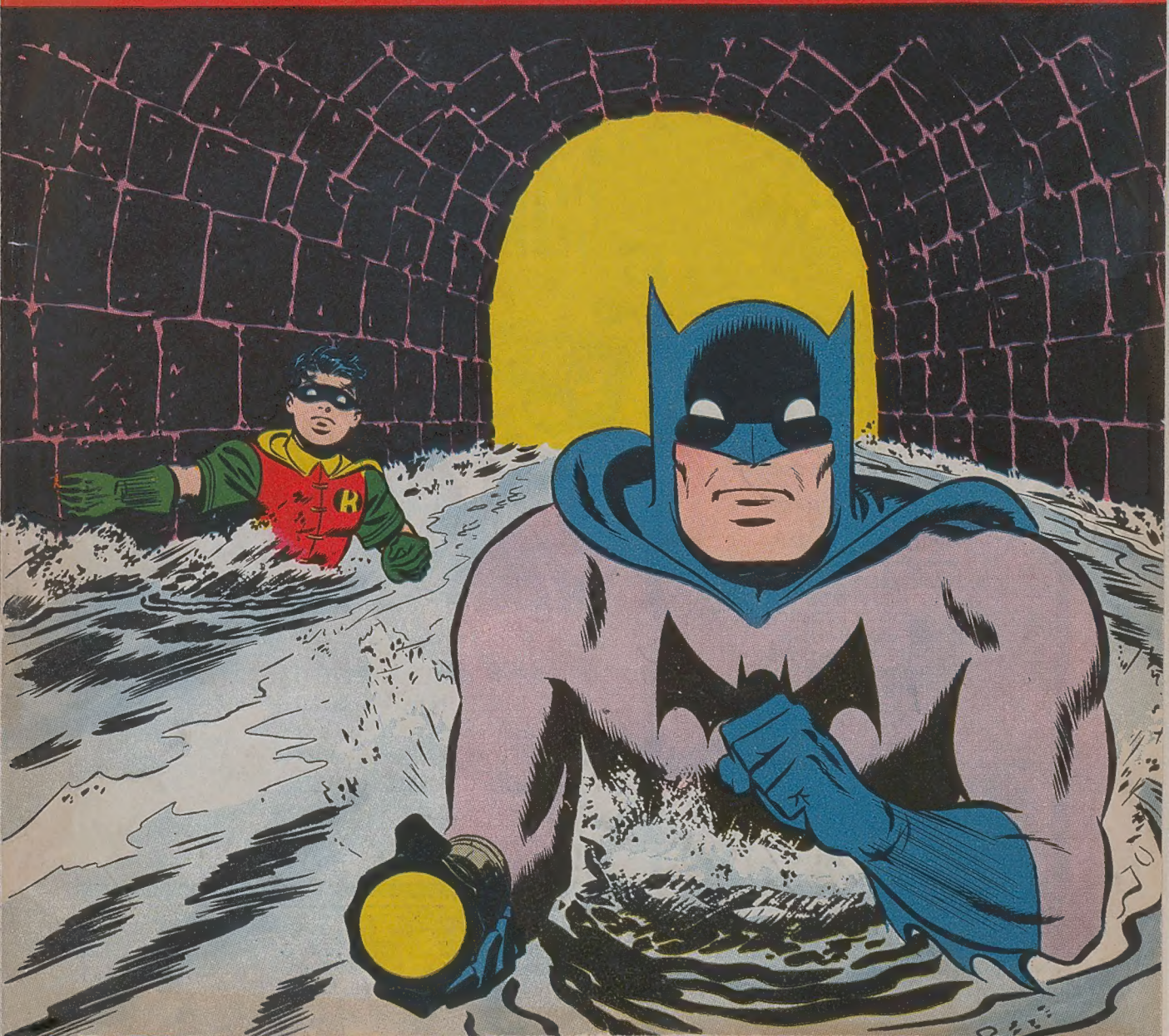
DEC...TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

Only in

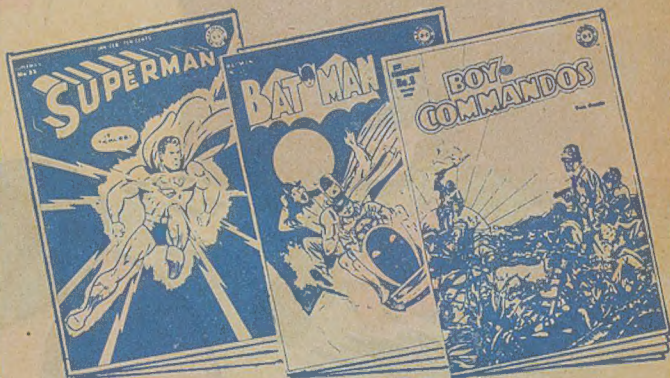


are found

THESE TOP-RANKING HEROES

of the

COMICS WORLD!



● FOR A GUARANTEE OF
THE BEST IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE, ALWAYS LOOK
FOR THE SUPERMAN-DC
SYMBOL ON THE COVER!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

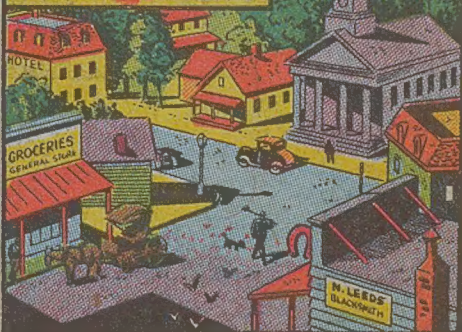
BOB
KANE

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SECRET THAT GAVE YOU NIGHTMARES?... HAVE YOU EVER LAID AWAKE IN THE DARKNESS, TORMENTED BY THE AWFUL THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE MIGHT FIND IT OUT? AND HAVE YOU FINALLY HAD YOUR FEARS COME TRUE---ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, AFTER ALL? ... THEN YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS TALE OF A MAN WITH JUST SUCH A SECRET--- THE DARK SECRET OF HIS PAST--- AND OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THAT MIGHTY TEAM OF LAWYERS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, UNINTENTIONALLY BLEW IT WIDE OPEN!... IT IS A STRANGE STORY AND A VERY HUMAN ONE, AND IT IS CALLED---

"NO ONE MUST KNOW!"



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE SLEEPY VILLAGE OF MEADOWVALE, WHERE LIFE FLOWS PEACEFULLY...



WHERE THE BANK PRESIDENT HAS A DEEP INTEREST IN THE WELFARE OF HIS HUMBLEST CLIENT...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MORTGAGE, SILAS---AT LEAST, NOT TILL YOU GET YOUR CROPS IN!

THANKS, MR. BURLING!

WHERE EVEN THE LAW IS FRIENDLY...

NOW, EDDIE, I KNOW YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY A FINE---SO IF YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO FIGHT ANY MORE, WE'LL FORGET ABOUT IT!

THANKS, JUDGE WATTS!

AND EVERY CITIZEN TAKES PART IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE COMMUNITY...

I AGREE WITH THE MAYOR... WE SHOULDN'T SPEND ANY MORE MONEY ON IMPROVEMENTS TILL THE CASH IS IN THE TREASURY!

GEORGE BARROW IS RIGHT!

NATURALLY, ROMANCE FLOURISHES IN MEADOWVALE--- IN THIS CASE BETWEEN YOUNG JIMMY BARROW AND PRETTY MARY WATTS---

DAD, JUDGE WATTS HAS JUST GIVEN HIS CONSENT! MARY AND I ARE ENGAGED!

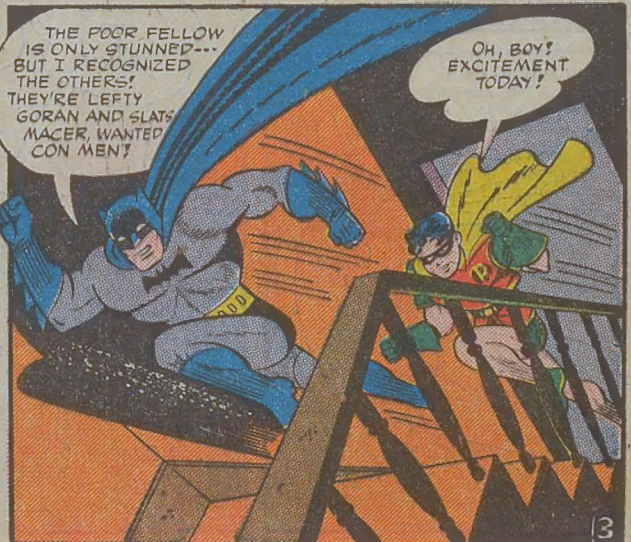
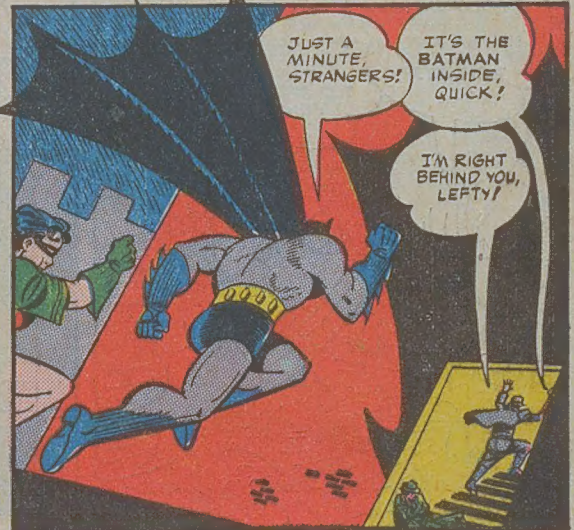
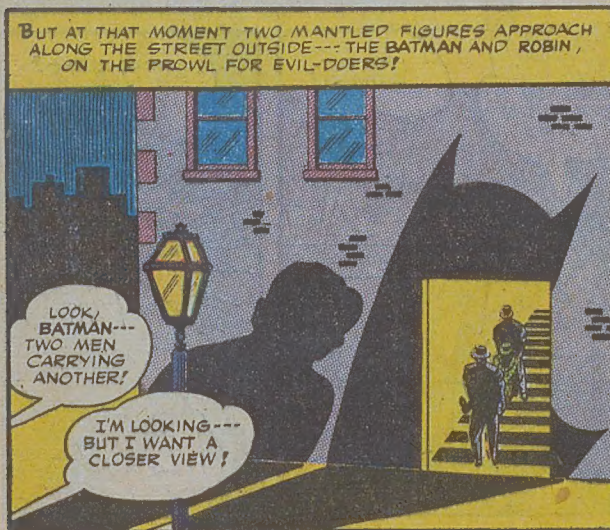
ENGAGED? WELL--ER-- THAT'S SPLENDID, CHILDREN!

SO MY SON IS GOING TO MARRY INTO THE JUDGE'S FAMILY... BUT WHAT IF THE JUDGE KNEW I WAS AN EX-CROOK, AN ESCAPED CONVICT?

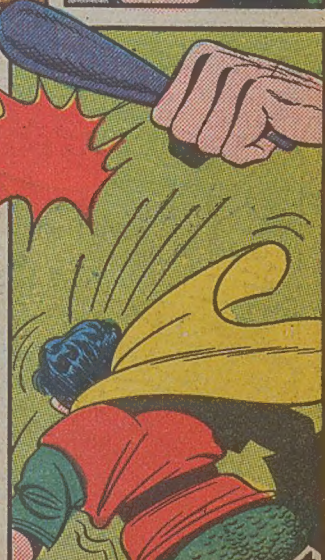
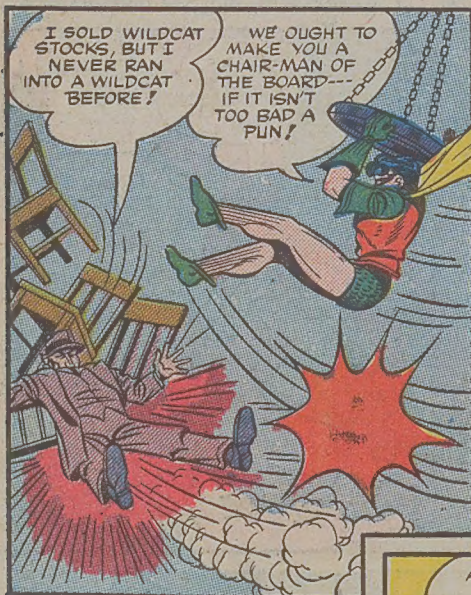
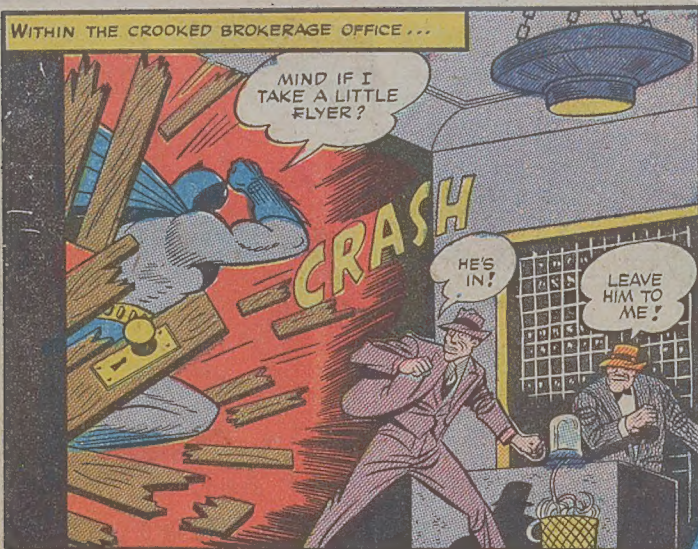
IF IT WERE KNOWN, EVEN NOW, I'D HAVE TO GO BACK TO PRISON! I'D BRING SHAME AND DISGRACE ON JIMMY AS WELL AS ME!

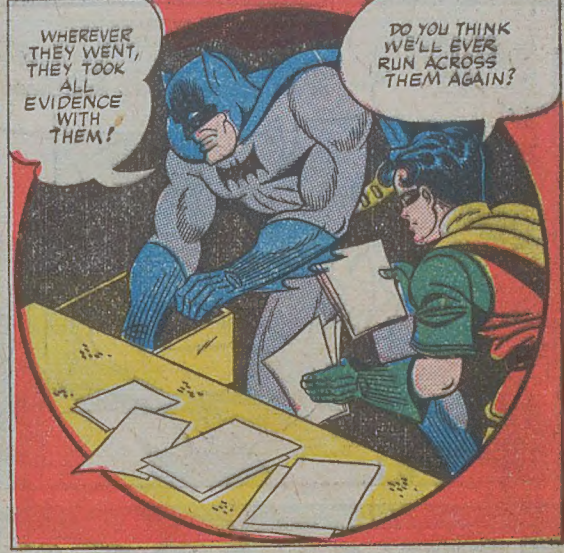
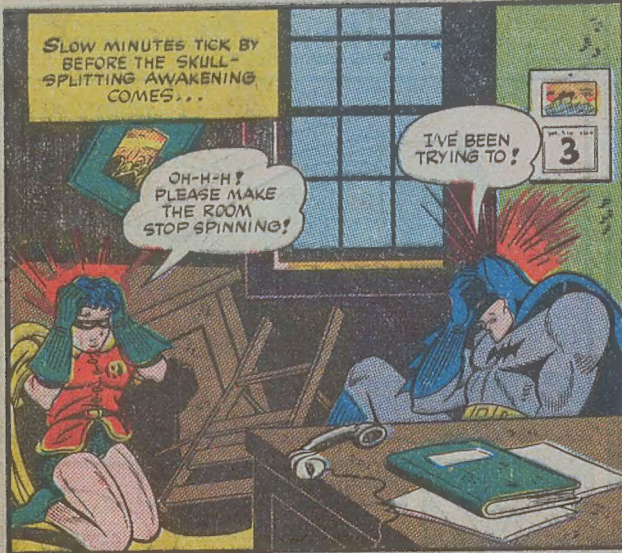
IT ISN'T SO MUCH MYSELF I CARE FOR---BUT I CAN'T SEE THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE RUINED! NO ONE MUST EVER DISCOVER MY SECRET!

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO MAKE RESOLUTIONS, GEORGE BARROW... BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT A MAN'S MOST CAREFULLY HIDDEN SINS HAVE A WAY OF CATCHING UP WITH HIM--- SOMETIMES MANY YEARS LATER... SOMETIMES AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN HE WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO KEEP THEM HIDDEN JUST A LITTLE LONGER!

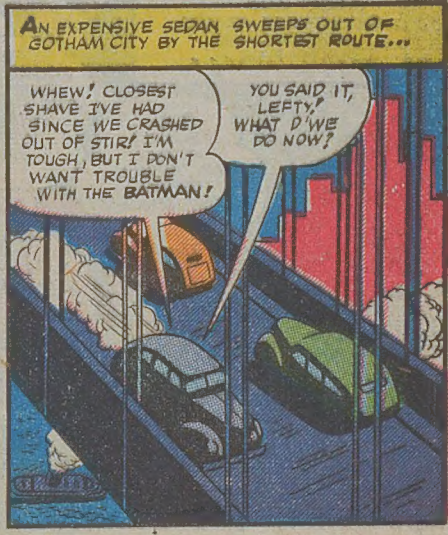


WITHIN THE CROOKED BROKERAGE OFFICE...





JUST TO SHOW HOW MYSTERIOUSLY FATE BRINGS ABOUT CRISES IN THE LIVES OF MEN AND WOMEN, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO LEFTY AND SLATS WHEN THEY FLED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THEIR PHONY BROKERAGE BUSINESS...



Con Men Flee County Fair in Unionville

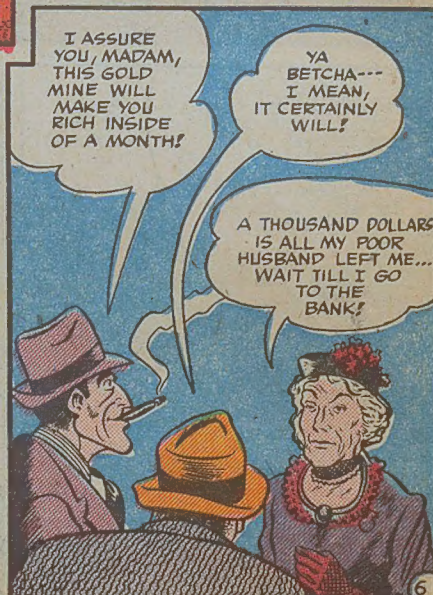
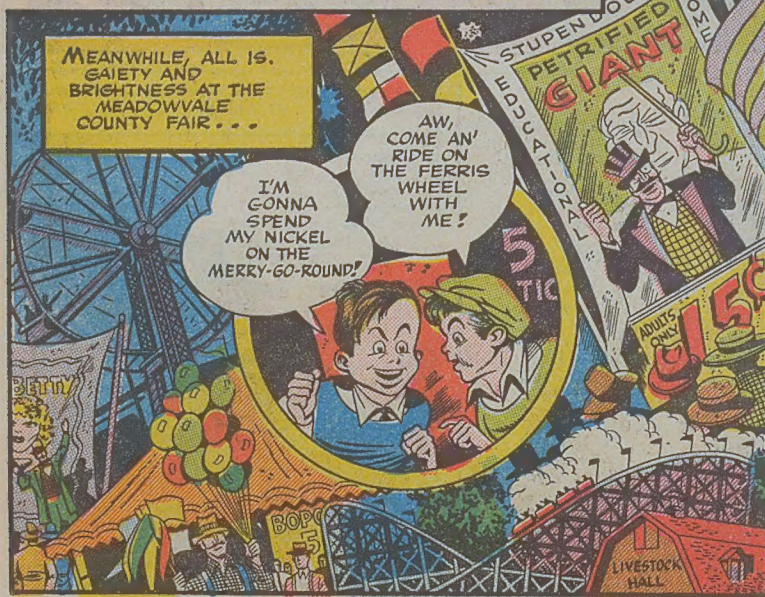
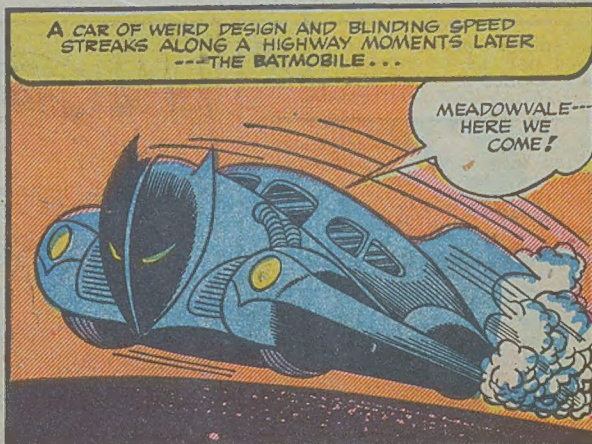
RECOGNIZED BY A POLICEMAN, TWO CONFIDENCE MEN--LEFTY GORAN AND SLATS MACER--ESCAPED FROM THE UNIONVILLE COUNTY FAIR LAST NIGHT BEFORE THEY COULD BE ARRESTED. IT WAS SAID BY POLICEMEN THAT THE TWO MEN WERE IN THE FAIR AREA WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED.

Pro Sto

Report

EXCLUSIVE:

THEY WERE IN THE FAIR AREA WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED.



AN UNLUCKY DAY FOR MOST OF THOSE WHO MEET LEFTY AND SLATS---AND A TERRIBLE DAY FOR ONE UNSUSPECTING OLD GENTLEMAN...

SURE YOU WON'T RIDE THE CHUTE-THE-CHUTES WITH US, DAD?

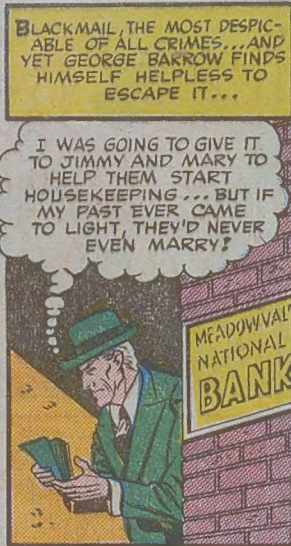
AT MY AGE? YOU CHILDREN RUN AROUND AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!



YA WOULDN'T WANT US TO TIP OFF THE COPS ABOUT HOW YA LEFT PRISON WITHOUT GRADUATING, WOULD YA?

YOU---YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT! YOU MADE ME GO WITH YOU WHEN MY SENTENCE WAS NEARLY OVER!





UNDER COVER OF THE EXCITEMENT,
GEORGE BARROW BEATS A STEALTHY
RETRAIT...

I'LL GO TO THE
LIVESTOCK SHOW...
LOSE MYSELF IN
THE CROWDS...

I'M RETURNING
THE HEADACHES
YOU GAVE US!

ENCORE!
ENCORE!

SUDDENLY...

UGH!

WHO'S
SCARED O'
TH' BIG,
BAD
BATMAN?

I CAN
HANDLE THIS
KID WITH
ONE ARM!

A KNEE
FOR
AN EYE...

HEY,
DON'T
MAKE ME
SORE!

...AND
A FIST
FOR A
TOOTH!

THTOP IT!
NOW YOU'RE
MAKIN' ME
LITHP!

... WHILE A BATTLE OF GIANTS
RAGES THE LENGTH OF THE
MIDWAY ...

WHO
INVITED
YOU TO
THIS
BRAWL?

MAYBE
I'M
SCARED
O' HIM,
AFTER
ALL!

OW!

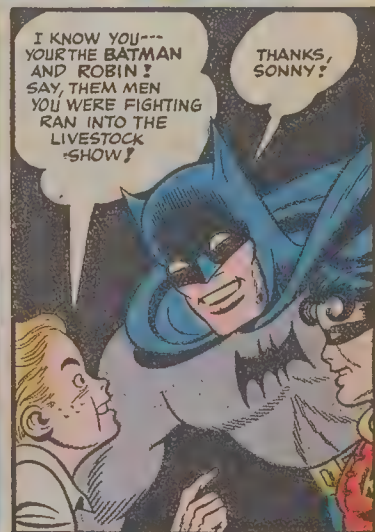
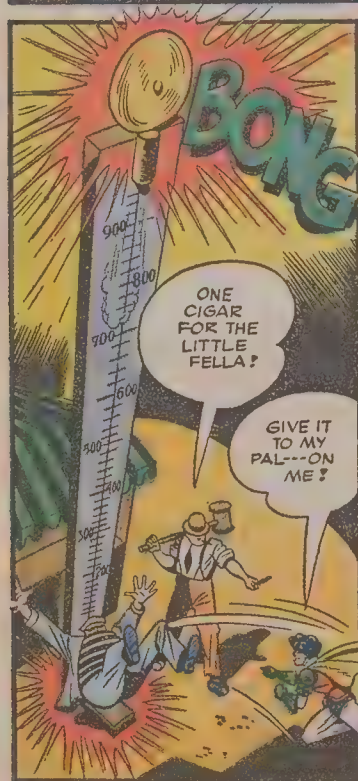
TWO BADLY FRIGHTENED CONFIDENCE
MEN SEEK A HIDING PLACE...

WHERE'LL
WE
GO?

TO THE
LIVESTOCK
SHOW! WE'LL
LOSE OURSELVES
IN THE
MOB!

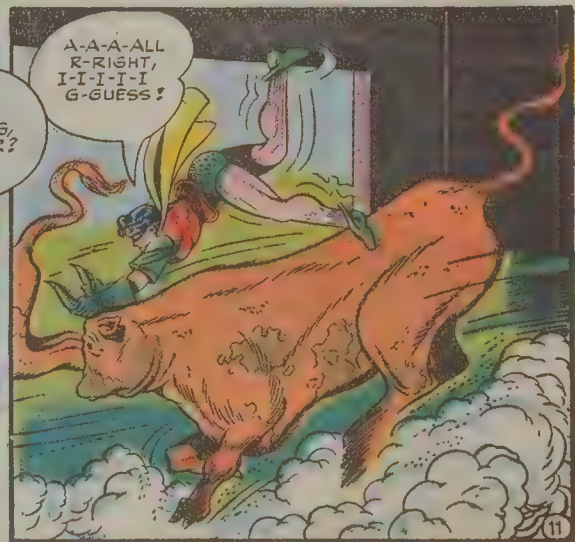
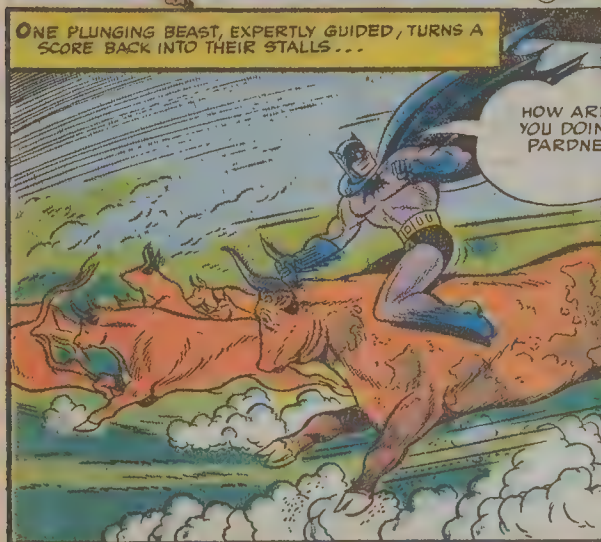
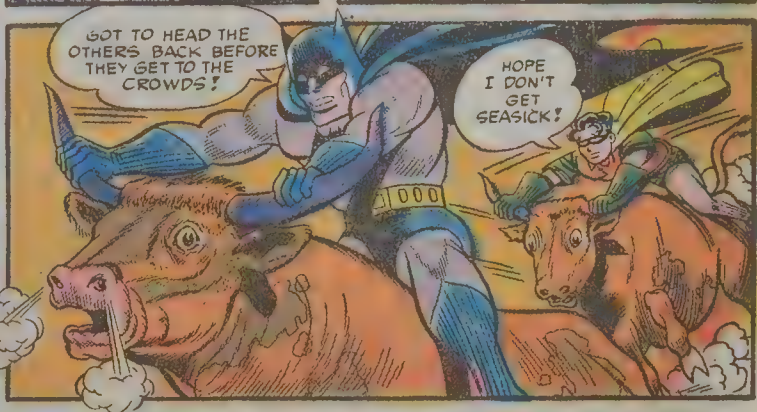
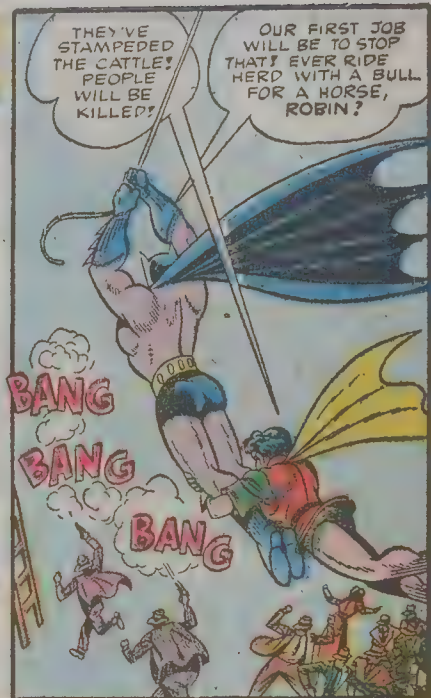
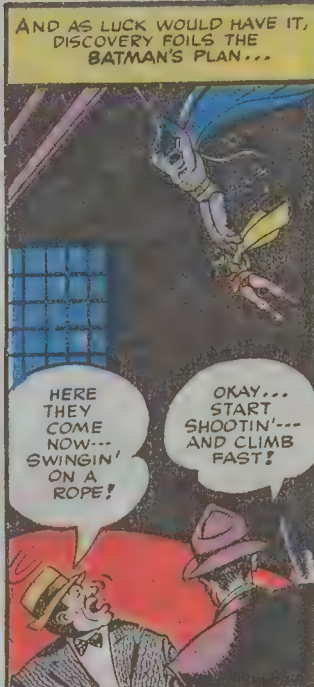
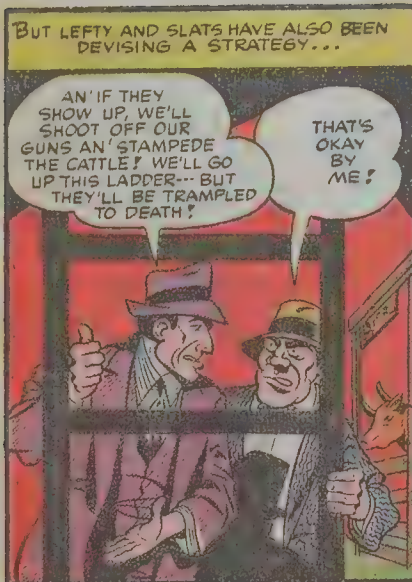
AN' NOW,
LADIES AN'
GENTS, LEMME
PRESENT JO-JO
THE DOG-
FACED BOY!

GET
UP THERE
AND DO
YOUR STUFF,
HANDSOME!



THE DYNAMIC DUO PLANS A STRATEGIC ATTACK...





AND WHEN THE TERRIFIED CATTLE ARE QUIETED DOWN...

MR. BATMAN,
I'M JUDGE WATTS!
YOU'VE SAVED
A LOT OF
LIVES!

I'M THE
MAYOR!
I'LL SEE
THAT YOU'RE
REWARDED!

EXCUSE ME,
GENTLEMEN---
ROBIN AND I
HAVEN'T FINISHED
OUR JOB YET!

BUT THE END OF THE JOB IS NOT
FAR AWAY, FOR AN OLD MAN
HAS DECIDED THAT JUSTICE
IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN
HIS OWN INTERESTS...

THEY DID IT
DELIBERATELY,
THE RATS!
I WON'T LET
THEM GET
AWAY WITH IT,
EVEN IF THEY
DO EXPOSE
ME!

THE
OLD GOAT
DOUBLED-
CROSSED
US!

OH, WHY
DIDN'T I
LEAD AN
HONEST LIFE?

THIS WILL
ONLY TAKE
A MINUTE!

BUT I'LL
ENJOY
EVERY
SECOND
OF IT!

YOU'VE LIVED A
PIGGISH LIFE, SO
YOU OUGHT TO FEEL
AT HOME THERE!

OINK

OINK!

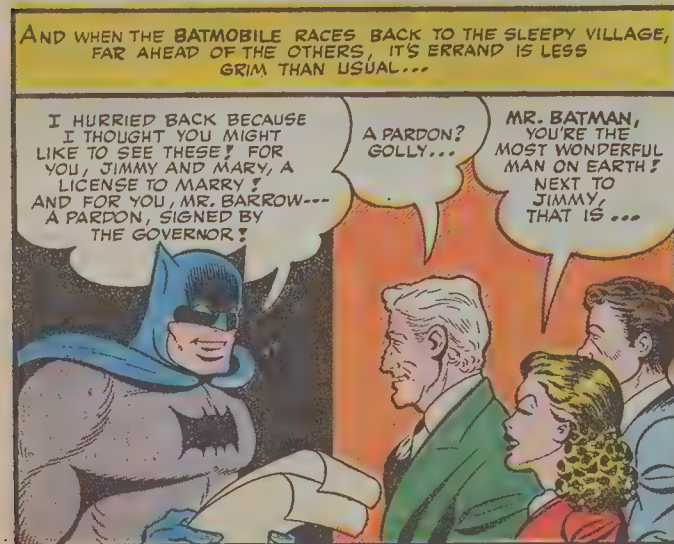
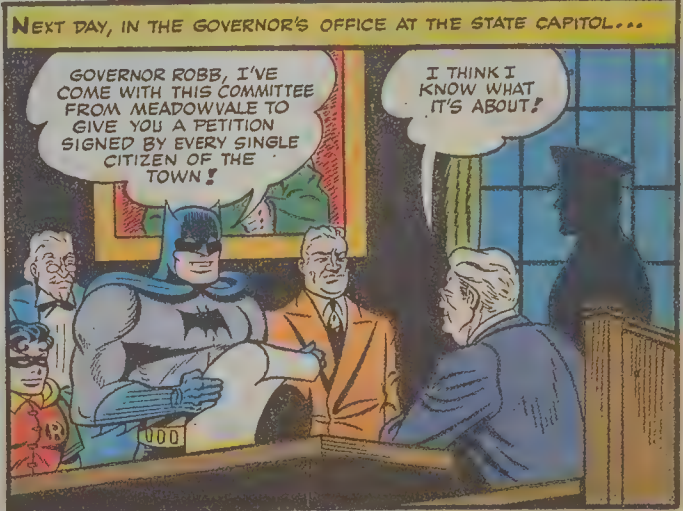
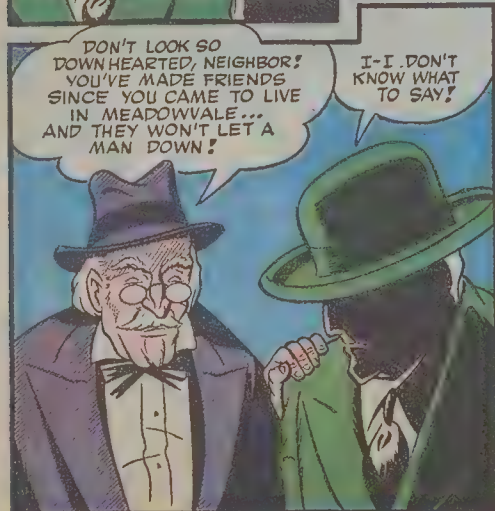
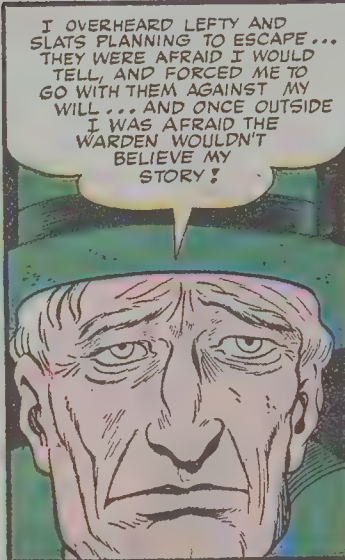
OINK!

AT LAST
YOU'RE GETTING
THE POINT,
LEFTY!

SO FINALLY THE
EXPOSURE HE HAS
DREADED FOR OVER
TWENTY YEARS
COMES TO GEORGE
BARROW, ESCAPED
CONVICT...

OKAY---WE GO TO
PRISON--- BUT
BARROW GOES WITH
US? HE ESCAPED
WITH US BACK IN
NINETEEN-TWENTY?
HE'S A THIEF!

IT'S
TRUE...



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CAPTURING THE COUNTERFEITERS

SAY, QUICKIE, LET'S GO IN THIS STORE A MINUTE I WANT TO GET SOME POSTCARDS

O.K., "R.C." I WANT SOMETHING, TOO

ROYAL CROWN COLA SOLD HERE

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I HAVE NO PRINTING INK IN THAT PARTICULAR COLOR. MUST IT BE EXACTLY THAT SHADE?

HMMM - THAT'S FUNNY - I WONDER

NUTTIN' ELSE BUT -

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED SOME POSTCARDS. I WANT A ROYAL CROWN COLA

WE'LL GET BOTH LATER. RIGHT NOW I WANT THAT TOUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMER. STICK WITH ME, QUICKIE.

AH-AH-LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO

JUST AS I' THOUGHT! COME ON, QUICKIE, WE'LL TAKE THIS JOINT OVER!

YOU GET ME INTO MORE TROUBLE

HEEL TO YOU, YOU HEEL! GRAB THAT OTHER BIRD, QUICKIE!

GOTTUM!

SAY, "R.C." HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT BIRD WAS A COUNTERFEITER?

WELL, HE LOOKED PRETTY SHIFTY, AND THE SHADE OF GREEN INK HE WANTED EXACTLY MATCHED THE GREEN INK ON MY DOLLAR BILL - SO I HAD A HUNCH. LET'S GO - I OWE YOU A TREAT!

THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE IS A TREAT, "R.C."

THAT'S RIGHT, QUICKIE. THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT THIS. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA THERE IS, BY ACTUAL TASTE-TEST

AT THE CANTEN

COWBOY "WILD BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS

THAT'S A FACT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

"The world's best 'quick-up'!" That's what screen star "Wild Bill" Elliott calls frosty, delicious Royal Crown Cola! He took the famous cola taste-test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, he chose Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting! "Swell for a fresh start!" he says. Try it yourself, today!

See "Wild Bill" Elliott in Republic's Red Ryder Pictures

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test! ©

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THREE-RING BINKS

TOP BOOKING AGENT FOR
ANY, ALL, AND SUNDRY CIRCUS,
CARNIVAL, SIDE AND FLOOR
SHOW TALENT-- ONE TO A
THOUSAND ARTISTES SUPPLIED
ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

BROTHER, YOU ARE NOW
GAZING UPON THE ORIGINAL, THE
GREATEST-- AND THE WORLD'S MOST
SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL HUMAN
PIN-CUSHION THAT EVER BENT A
NAIL WITH HIS EPIDERMIS. ---
THAT'S ME-- "BOILER-PLATE BENZOLA",
THE "I CAN TAKE IT PLENTY"
CHAMP, HOWZA BOUT MAKING
YOURSELF A FORTUNE BY
PINNING A CONTRACT ON
ME?

SHOOSH! YOU'RE
WAKING THE BIRDS IN
THE PARK! SIT DOWN
AND TAKE A LOAD OFF
YOUR BREATH WHILE I
TELL YOU THE STORY OF
"RUSTY" BOLTZ,
A HUMAN PIN-CUSHION
WHO CERTAINLY WENT
"ALL-OUT" ON THE
INTAKE!!

BINKS BARNSTORMERS, INC.

unpaid

A FEATURE ACT WALKED OUT OF A
LITTLE ROAD-HOPPING TENT SHOW THAT
I WAS MANAGING SOME THUTTY YEARS AGO,
AND I WAS ABOUT TO FOLD UP WHEN ONE
DAY THIS 'RUSTY' BOLTZ WALKS IN ON ME...

HI, POD'NER, I'M STUCK FOR A JOB, SO
IF YOU'RE STUCK FOR A MILLION DOLLAR
ACT, STICK MY NAME ON YOUR PAYROLL,
AND NEITHER OF US WILL GET STUCK!

LISTEN, MODEST, WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DID YOU EVER DO? WHAT
CAN YOU DO NOW?... AND THEN
GIVE ME TEN REASONS WHY I
SHOULDN'T RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN?

I, PAL, AM KNOWN IN
THESE PARTS AS 'RUSTY'
BOLTZ, THE HUMAN PIN-CUSHION.
LOOKA THIS-- WITH A
MERE RAILROAD SPIKE!

WELL, RATHER THAN CLOSE THE SHOW-- AND MORE IN DESPERATION THAN IN COOL, COMMON SENSE, I SIGNED HIM UP...

BUT THE VERY FIRST NIGHT HE WENT OUT THERE AND LAID THEM IN THE AISLES!... HE WAS A 3-ALARM RIOT!

SONNY BOY, IF YOU'RE A 'BUST' CAN YOU JUMP? 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T HIT THE JACKPOT THE VERY FIRST TIME OUT, WE'RE BOTH HEADIN' FOR THE LAKE!!

OKAY, PAL, IT'S EITHER BINGO OR BUST!

I THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, FOLKS-- EVEN MY ANCESTORS THANK YOU!

HOORAY!!

FROM THEN ON HE JUST 'SWARMED' THEM THROUGH THE TURNSTILES, AND SOON HAD MY BANK BALANCE BULGING AT THE HIPS...

-- HE HAD ONE NEAT NUMBER THAT WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS --

TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS, YOU'LL SEE 'RUSTY' BOLTZ EVEN IF WE HAVE TO DO TWELVE SHOWS A DAY!!

THASS ALL THEY IS TO IT, GENTS, TOSS YO' OLD SUSPENDERS AWAY! JUST A SAFETY PIN IN EACH SHOULDER THISAWAY-- A TWIST O' TWINE-- ALL YO' GALLUSES WILL STAY PUT FOREVER-- YOWZAH!!

THEN FOR A GRAND FINALE HE'D CHALLENGE ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE TO PRODUCE ANY ARTICLE THAT HE COULDN'T ABSORB EXTERNALLY!

A LOT OF OUR AUDIENCES TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD-- AND I'VE SEEN HIM, HUNDREDS OF TIMES, SO OVERLOADED, HE COULD HARDLY CREEP OFF THE STAGE...

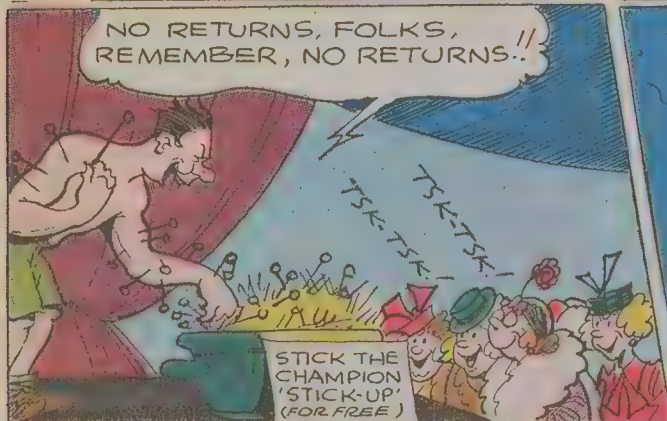
BRING 'EM ON FOLKS, ANYTHING GOES-- LOAD ME DOWN AN' SEE IF I CARE!

PHEW! I KNOW I GOT MORE THAN MY SHARE-- HEH-HEH-HEH! S'LONG, FOLKS!

BRAVO!

NEXT HE STARTED SPECIAL PERFORMANCES... ONE SHOW HE'D SPECIALIZE ON NOTHING BUT HAT-PINS, HAIR-PINS, BOBBY-PINS AND SAFETIES...

THE NEXT SHOW HE'D GO 'ALL-OUT' FOR NOTHING BUT SCISSORS, BALE HOOKS, BAYONETS, PITCHFORKS AND HEAVIER STUFF...



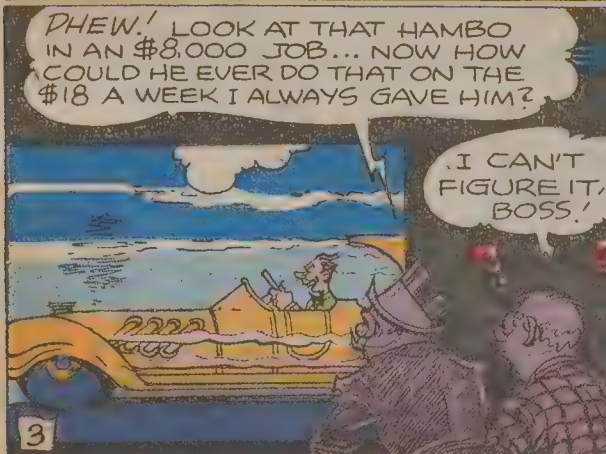
-- THEN HE'D GIVE 'A 'SPECIAL' SHOW WHEN HE'D TAKE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THE TRAFFIC COULD BEAR, AND HE SURE PUT ON WEIGHT WITH THAT ONE!

AFTER TWELVE SOLID YEARS OF THIS, WITHOUT LOSING ONE SINGLE PERFORMANCE, HE STARTED TO GET UPPITY-- SAID THE WORK WAS GETTING TOO HEAVY!



THE NEXT DAY HE DROVE PAST OUR BIG-TOP ON HIS WAY TO A SWANK GOLF CLUB HE HAD JUST JOINED...

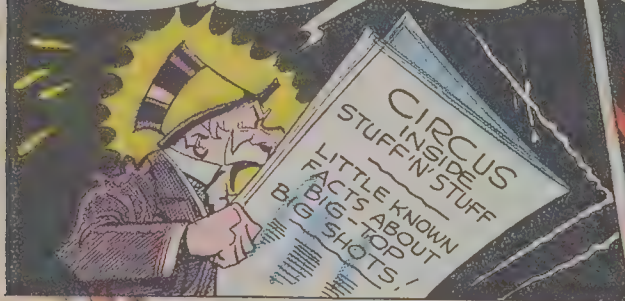
THEN IT SLOWLY DAWNED ON US THAT HE HAD A BROTHER IN THE TRUCKING BUSINESS, WHO HAD TRAILED OUR SHOW ALL OVER THE COUNTRY YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT...



WITHOUT HIS ACT, OUR LITTLE SHOW SOON GOT VERY WEAK AND BAGGY AROUND THE KNEES, AND THEN ONE DAY I READ ALL ABOUT HIM IN A CIRCUS TRADE PAPER!

THEN IT ALL CAME OUT! - AFTER EVERY SHOW, FOR TWELVE LONG YEARS HIS BROTHER WOULD MEET HIM IN BACK OF THE TENT WITH HIS TRUCK AND PICK UP THE DAILY HAUL IN 'JUNK'!

PHEW-- W-WHAT? HIS NICKNAME IS THE 'JUNKYARD' PRINCE, AND HE'S JUST CLEANED UP A COOL MILLION CLAMS.. WOW! HOW COME?



OBOYOBOYOBOY! WE'LL SOON HAVE A CHAIN OF FASHIONABLE JUNKYARDS FROM COAST TO COAST!

TAKE ANOTHER LOAD AWAY--

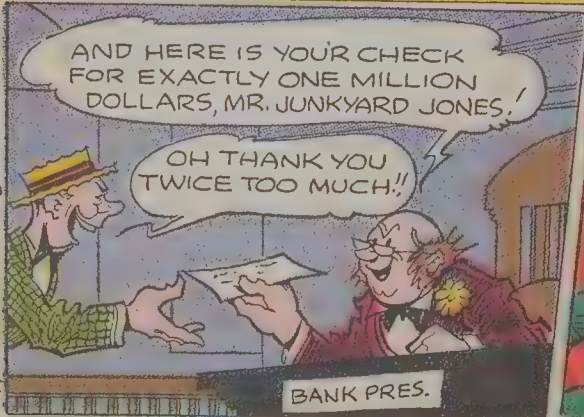


THEN CAME THE WAR!... NEXT THE SCRAP METAL SHORTAGE, AND BOY, THAT'S WHAT THEY HAD NOTHING ELSE BUT... TONS N' TONS N' TONS OF THE STUFF...

WELL, BATHE MY BROW, THAT'S A LULU! AND WHAT'S THE WALKING 'JUNKYARD' DOING NOW?

AND HERE IS YOUR CHECK FOR EXACTLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS, MR. JUNKYARD JONES!

OH THANK YOU TWICE TOO MUCH!!



WHY, THE LAST I HEARD, HE WENT ABROAD AND HAD GONE INTO THE PHOTOGRAPHY RACKET IN ENGLAND...

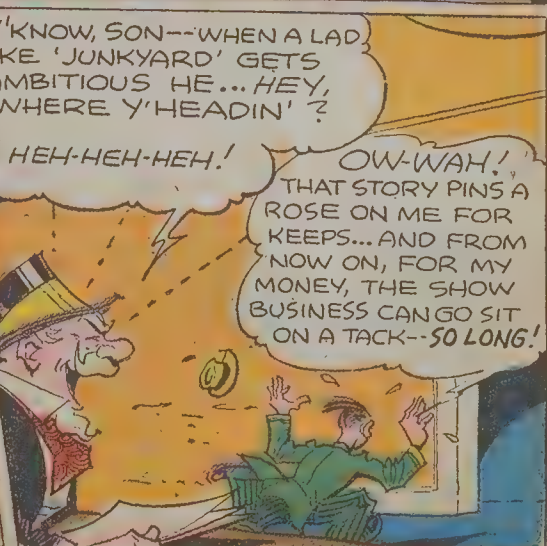
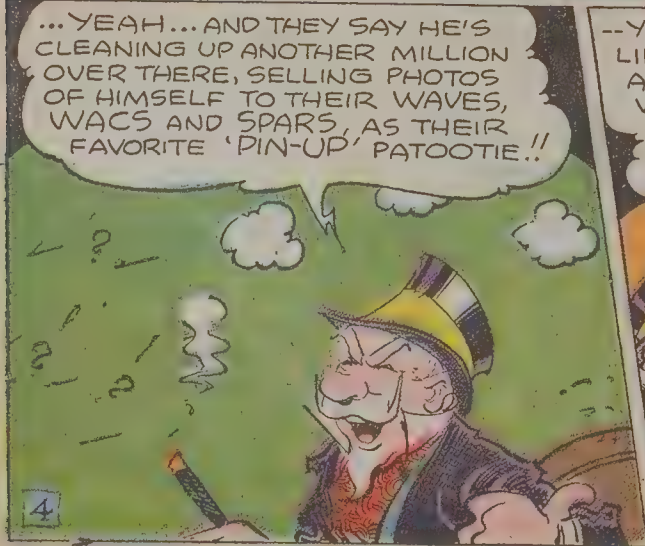


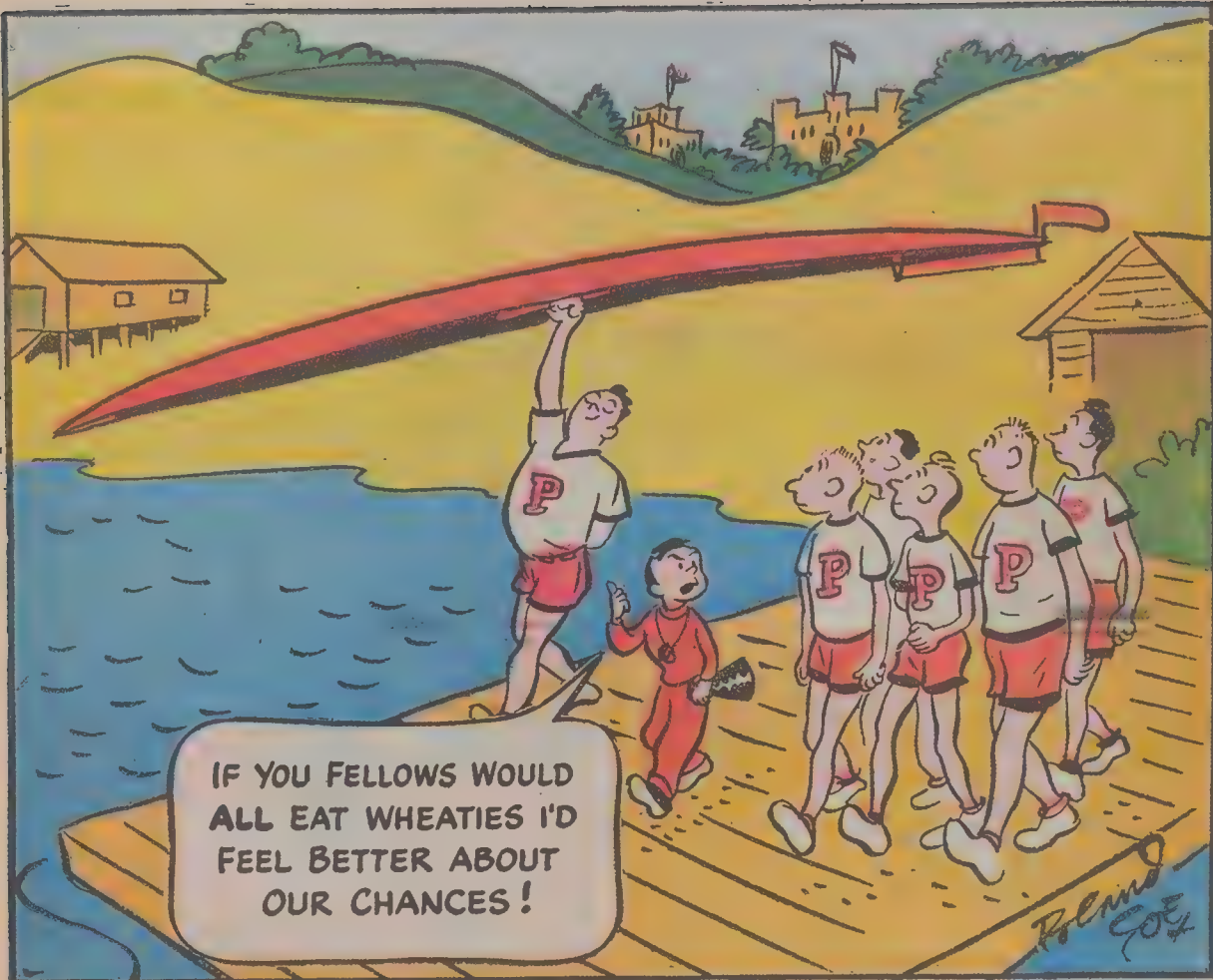
...YEAH... AND THEY SAY HE'S CLEANING UP ANOTHER MILLION OVER THERE, SELLING PHOTOS OF HIMSELF TO THEIR WAVES, WACS AND SPARS, AS THEIR FAVORITE 'PIN-UP' PATOOTIE!!

--Y'KNOW, SON--WHEN A LAD LIKE 'JUNKYARD' GETS AMBITIOUS HE... HEY, WHERE Y'HEADIN'?

HEH-HEH-HEH!

OW-WAH! THAT STORY PINS A ROSE ON ME FOR KEEPS... AND FROM NOW ON, FOR MY MONEY, THE SHOW BUSINESS CAN GO SIT ON A TACK--SO LONG!





IF YOU FELLOWS WOULD
ALL EAT WHEATIES I'D
FEEL BETTER ABOUT
OUR CHANCES!

Poland
GOE



HEFTY
WHOLE GRAIN
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES!

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

YOU'RE BETTERING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU SHOVE OFF WITH A GOOD NOURISHING BREAKFAST. AND IF YOU TAKE A TIP FROM MANY LEADING COACHES AND STAR ATHLETES, YOU'LL INCLUDE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. CRISP TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP. CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED WHOLE GRAIN FOOD ENERGY AND SWELL "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GIVE YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL A CHAMPION START...STARTING TOMORROW MORNING. GET GOING WITH ALL THE ZESTY NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR IN A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."!

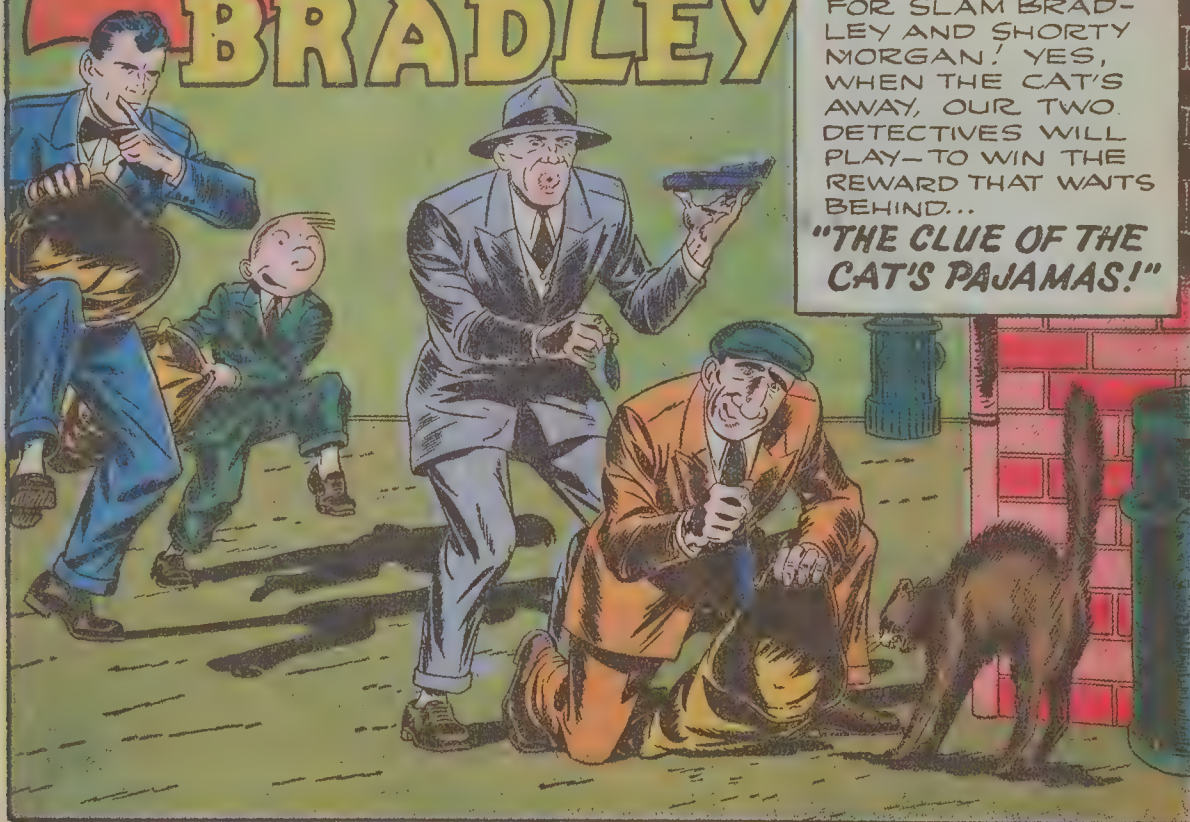
A Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SLAM BRADLEY

A FELINE IS FILCHED! IN PLAIN LANGUAGE, A PUSS IS PURLOINED! IN EVEN PLAINER LANGUAGE, A CAT IS SNATCHED! AND ONE CAT-NAPPING PLUS A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR RANSOM DEMAND EQUALS A CASE FOR SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN! YES, WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, OUR TWO DETECTIVES WILL PLAY—TO WIN THE REWARD THAT WAITS BEHIND...

"THE CLUE OF THE CAT'S PAJAMAS!"



TWO AWED FIGURES TREAD THE CARPETED HALLWAYS OF THE PILLSWORTHY MANSION...

GOSH, HOW COME THEY DON'T HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHTS?

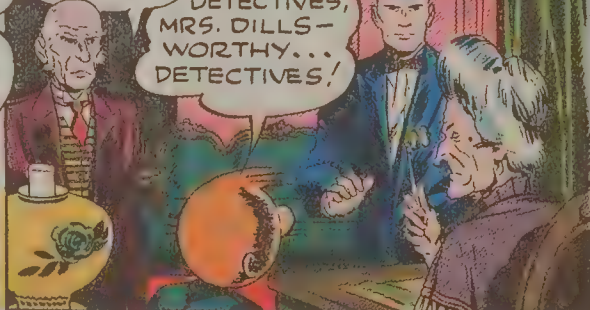
OR AT LEAST GAS MANTLES?

MODOM HAS NEVER RECONCILED HERSELF TO SUCH MODERN VULGARITY! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

THE PAIR OF CRIMINAL INVESTIGATORS FOR WHOM YOU SENT, MODOM!

HMM... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO DO! I'M IN A HURRY!

DETECTIVES, MRS. PILLSWORTHY... DETECTIVES!



MY TREASURED FRIEND, TABITHA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!

QUIET, SQUIRT! LET MRS. DILLSWORTHY TELL HER STORY!

PERHAPS I HAD BETTER TELL IT, GENTLEMEN!

HUH..?

WHO..?

A SNATCHED DAME, EH? WHAT WAS HER AGE, WEIGHT, HEIGHT, COLOR OF HAIR, EYES—

I'M MR. DEBIT, MRS. DILLSWORTHY'S LAWYER! SOME TIME AGO SHE MADE A NEW WILL, DISINHERITING HER GRANDSON, DILLON, AND LEAVING THE BULK OF HER FORTUNE TO HER PET CAT, TABITHA!

YES, I COULD NOT FORGIVE DILLON'S ASSOCIATING WITH CRIMINALS! SHOW THEM THE RANSOM NOTE, DEBIT!

Dear Grandma,
I got your cat.
if you want her
back alive, it'll cost
you fifty grand.
If you don't pay
it'll be a great day
for the mice!
Your loving grandson,
Dillon Dillworth

HMM... AND WHY SHOULD GRANDSON DILLON GIVE HIMSELF AWAY BY SIGNING THIS NOTE?

AND YOU WANT TABITHA BACK WITHOUT PAYING THE RANSOM, EH?

EXACTLY! GIVE THEM TABITHA'S PAJAMAS, ANDREWS! AND WHEN YOU RECOVER TABITHA, BE SURE TO PUT THEM ON HER... SHE'S VERY SENSITIVE TO DRAFTS!

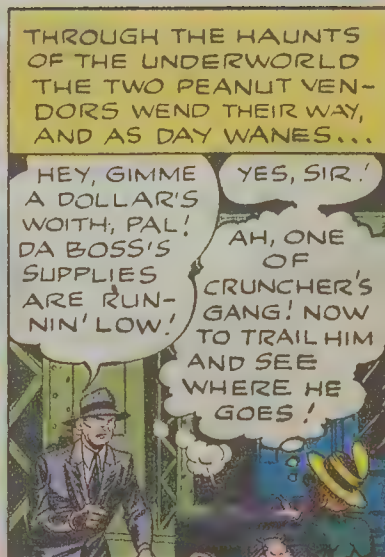
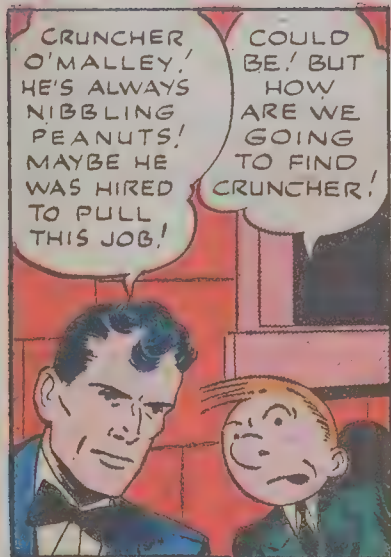
WE'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK, MRS. DILLSWORTHY! GOODBYE!

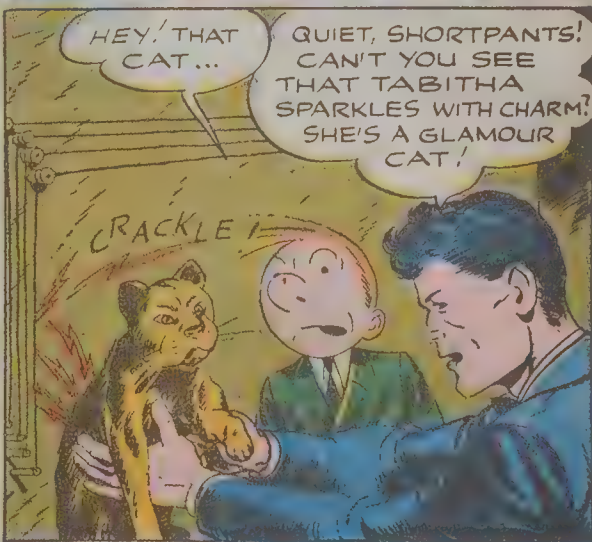
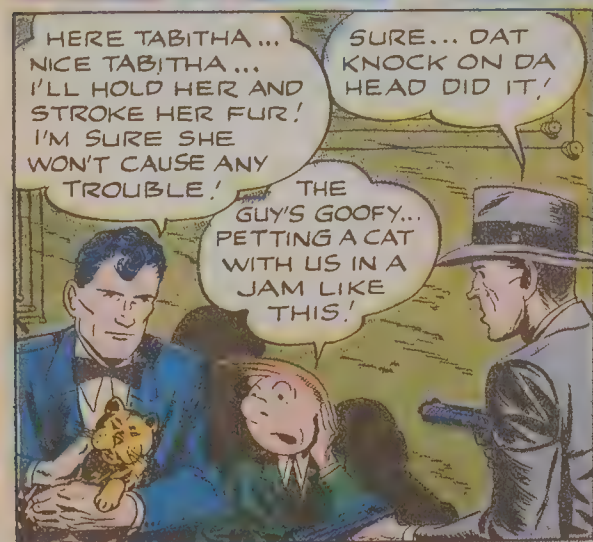
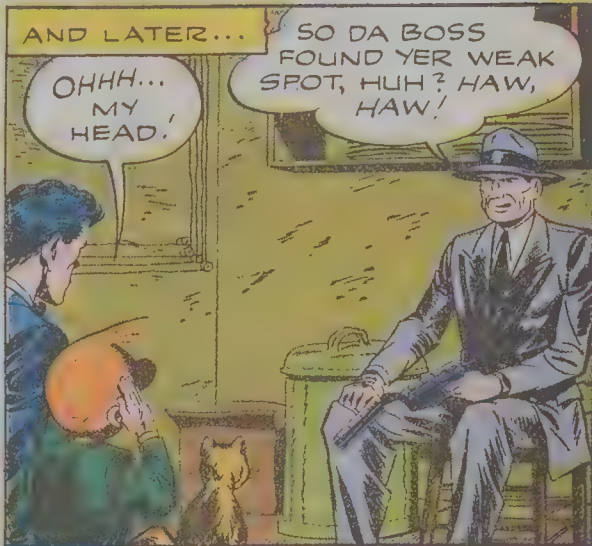
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS NEPHEW ANGLE, SHORTY!

HEY, LOOK! WHAT'S THAT FALLING OUT OF THE PAJAMAS?

IT'S A HUNK OF PEANUT SHELL! YOU DON'T THINK THAT CAT ATE PEANUTS, DO YOU, SLAM?

NO, AND NEITHER DID THE OLD LADY... SHE'D THINK IT WAS UNDIGNIFIED! BUT I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO DOES EAT THEM!

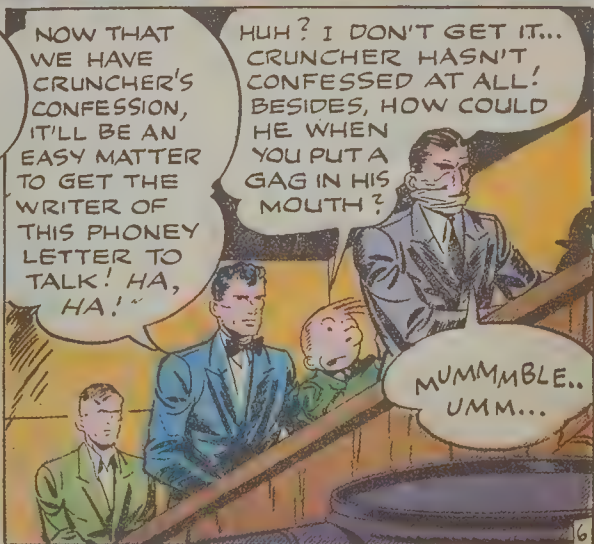
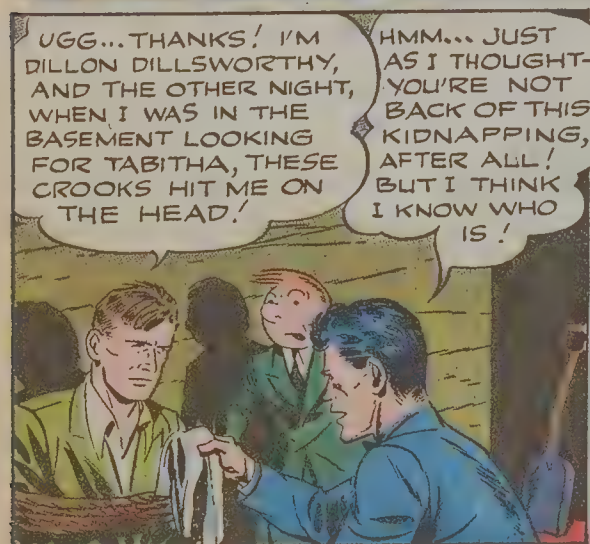
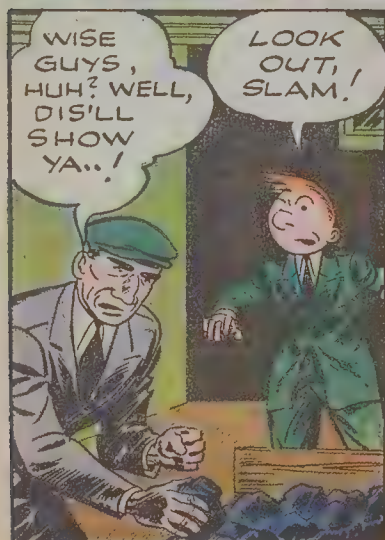
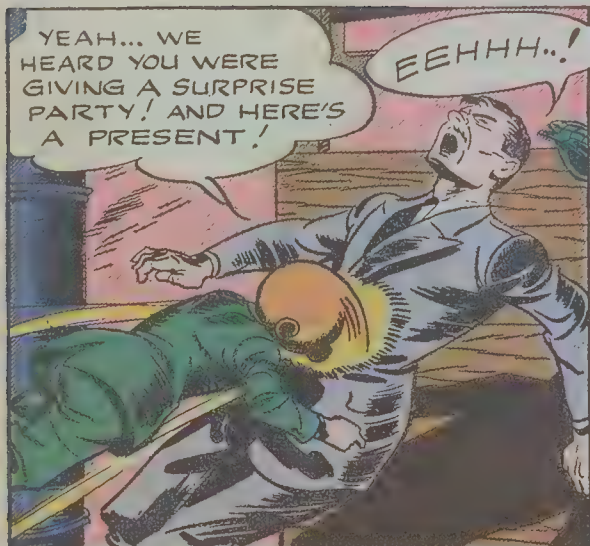


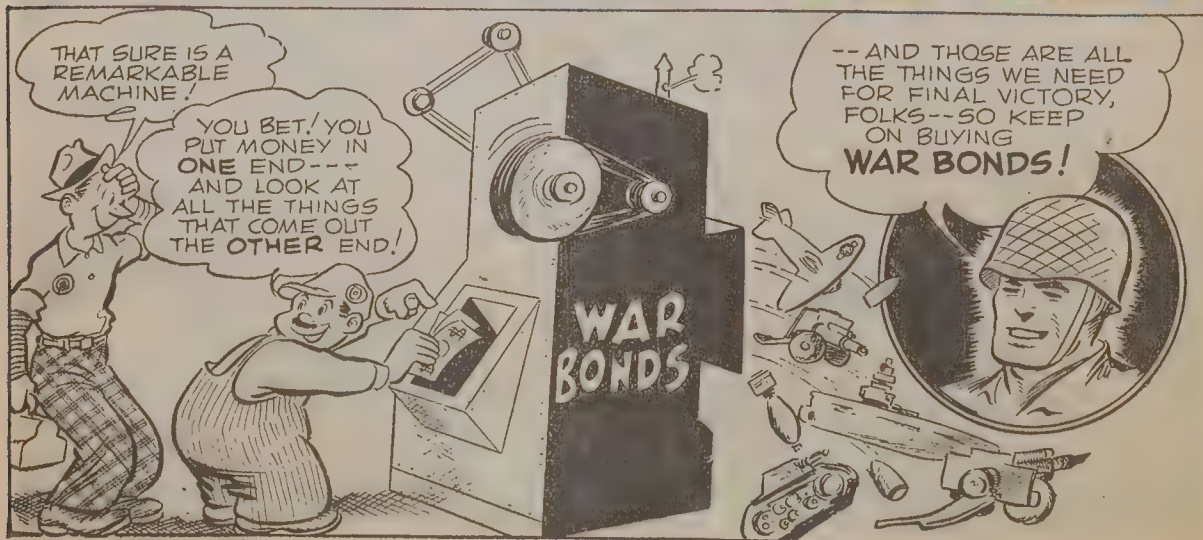
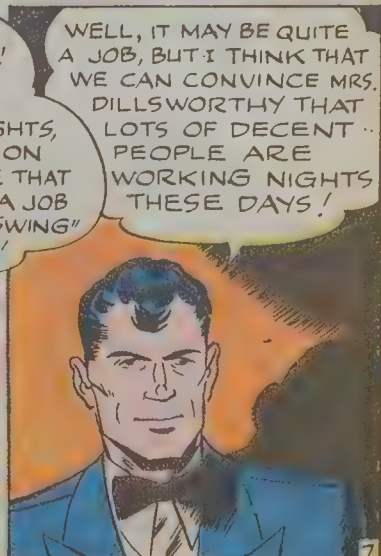
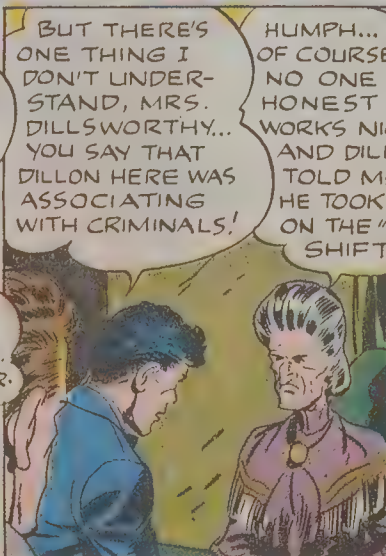
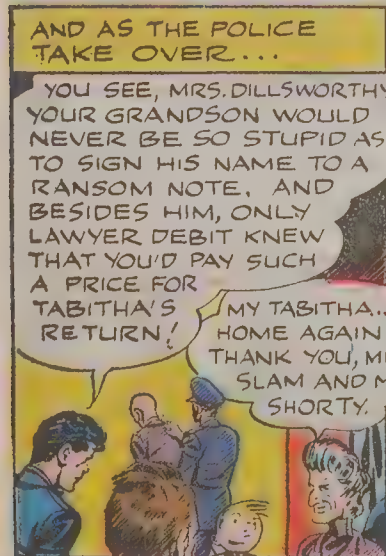
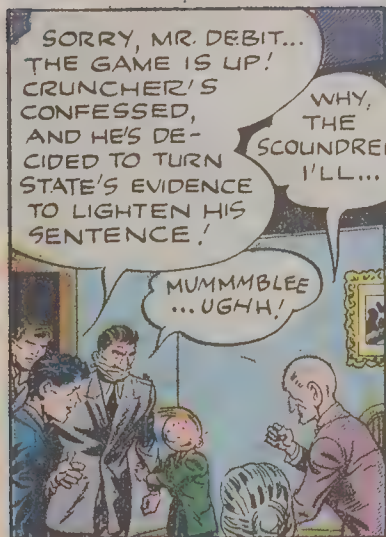


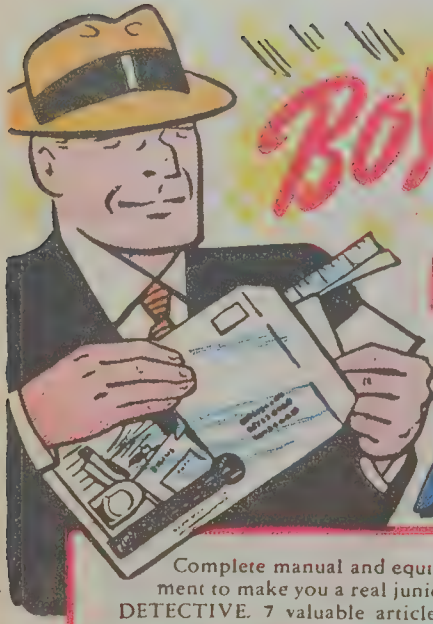
SO SHE IS... BUT SLAM'S STROKING OF THE FELINE'S FUR IS MORE THAN A GESTURE OF ADMIRATION! EVER HEAR THE CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY WHEN YOU COMB YOUR HAIR? WELL, HERE THE SHREWD DETECTIVE IS CREATING THE SAME EFFECT, ONLY IN THIS CASE, HE'S PLAYING TO A TELEPHONE AUDIENCE!











BOYS! GIRLS!

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DETECTIVE KIT



Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

for Only **15¢** WITH NAME 'TOOTSIE' from jar of **TOOTSIE V-M**

Now have all the thrills 'n' chills of playing Detective, Spy, Saboteur games! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you.

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit *almost free* so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals, to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M. Hurry! Mail coupon now.

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NO RATION POINTS

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Makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls!

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

TOOTSIE ROLLS CO., Dept. N3
P. O. Box 16, New York 11, New York

Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M

Name

Address

City State

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY—OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER, 1948

If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 70¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's De-

tective Kit and a full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct, all charges prepaid.



PRISON BREAK

by Jesse Merlan

IT was "Booksy" Higgins who had found a way to break out of this prison. And now Booksy and two other lifers were going to be free in about twenty minutes. They couldn't fail. Why, they even had a map to guide them.

Steel files to saw jail bars, or blasting dynamite and chattering guns were out of style in prison breaks. And besides, who could smuggle any of those things into a lifer's cell in State Penitentiary? These three desperate men had no need for such crude methods. All they had to do was to follow the directions on Booksy's map to walk out right under the nose of every guard in the place.

The three of them were sitting tensely in the prison library now. Where they'd spent all their evenings for the last few months. They were reading, or pretending to read. Because it was from the library that they were about to start their break for the outside. And it was in the library that Booksy had found the map.

Sitting, sweating and nervous, in one corner of the big reading room, under the softly glowing lights, were three of the most desperate criminals who had ever broken the state's laws. "Cutter", the burly brute with the scar-slashed face and the crumpled ears and the smashed nose. Once he'd ruled lesser gangsters with a sharp razor and brass knuckles. But the law had put him away for life. Cutter, the convict who'd already tried twice in five years to fight his way to freedom and been captured both times. He'd learned that you couldn't climb the high prison walls, or beat twenty guards in a battle of fists.

And then there was "Mus-

cles", the strongest man in the prison. The convict who could swing a 16-pound sledge hammer all day long. He'd been a prize fighter once, and a wrestler, before the state had put him to pounding rocks after a nasty gang slaying that had shocked the country. Both Cutter and Muscles were solid brawn and very little clever brain. The thinking member of the trio was really Booksy.

Booksy had always been a great one for reading. In the days when he'd led the law a merry chase, he'd been the brains of his mob. Booksy had always made his living by his quick hands, quicker eyes and even faster tongue. On the outside, his reading habits had been used to discover older and better and forgotten ways to make crime pay. Now, in prison, his reading had found a way to break out of jail. Found a perfect prison break printed in black and white in a book.

The discovery had come three months ago. Booksy still remembered the night he'd taken down the big book on architecture from the highest and most unused shelf in the prison library. Booksy had leafed through the heavy volume, stirring the thick dust that had drifted between its pages with the years. At first, it seemed to be just a collection of old maps and housing plans for the city. Useless. But suddenly, Booksy's eyes had grown wide in amazement.

Why, it couldn't be true. It had been too perfect to be real. But after he'd rubbed his eyes and looked again, it was still there. The most perfectly planned prison break that any convict had ever dared to hope for.

It had been easy after that.

Booksy had been quick to recognize the original building plans of the very jail he was confined in. Every cell block, every corridor, every exit was plainly marked. Especially the one way out that Booksy and his two pals were now going to use.

The library was almost deserted. Behind their three books, the men hid their faces and waited for the last convict to get up and leave. They needed just a few minutes of privacy. The guard at the main desk couldn't see them in this corner. Why couldn't that old fool quit reading and go . . . there! He was rising, he was gone. They were alone now. Booksy leaped into action.

His movements were quick and noiseless, his thin body lithe and sure. His eyes were cold and unexcited. Booksy directed Muscles and Cutter with low, hissing whispers. Booksy only weighed 134 pounds, but every ounce of it was pure hatred for this prison they had locked him in. He bossed his brawny helpers.

"Fast! Just as we rehearsed it for a month! And don't bungle it, you fools! You, Muscles, you're the strongest! Lift it open quietly!"

They were all standing under a barred grating through which fresh air for the library was pushed by the prison's ventilating system. Muscles lifted his big, hairy hands to the curved iron of the grating. One tremendous heave of his shoulders and three square feet of grate swung open with scarcely a click. Booksy exulted in a whisper of triumph.

"See! I filed the catch loose with a splinter of steel. Took me more than a month. Now

(Continued on inside back cover)



CULTURE AND CRIME
USUALLY DON'T MIX. BUT THERE
ARE EXCEPTIONS. TAKE THE
CASE OF TONY THE SNUB....
TONY LOVES MUSIC, AND TONY
LOVES CRIME! *Air Wave*
LOVES MUSIC, TOO, BUT MOST
DECIDEDLY NOT CRIME! SO
IT'S MUSIC-LOVER AGAINST
MUSIC-LOVER, WHEN CRIME
TAGS ALONG ON...

*"The Ride of the
Valkyries"*

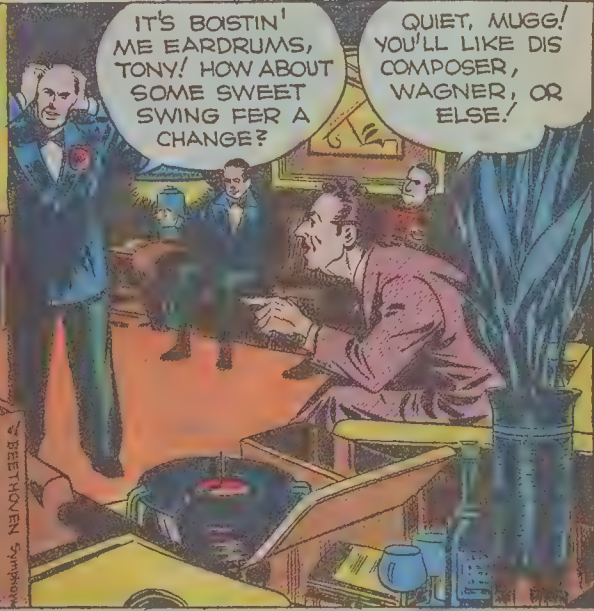
CRIMINALS
SHUDDER
AS THEY
DREAM OF
Air Wave
TUNING IN
ON THEIR
MOST
SECRET
CONVERSA-
TIONS, AND
YET, THERE
ARE TIMES
WHEN THE
WIZARD OF
WIRELESS
IS NOT
THINKING
ABOUT
CRIME...





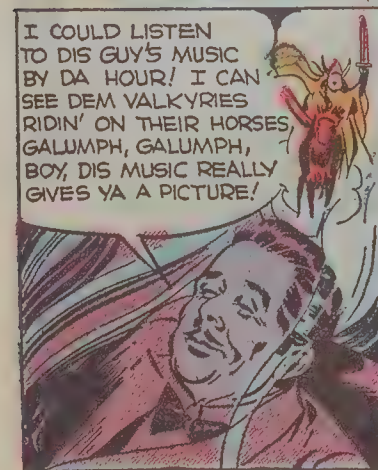
I MUST HAVE TUNED IN ON SOMEBODY PLAYING A RECORD! IT'S THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES. NOT BAD, BUT KIND OF LOUD!

BUT *Air Wave* IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS THE MUSIC LOUD! MEET TONY THE SNOB AND HIS VERY UNMUSICAL GANG!



IT'S BOSTIN' ME EARDRUMS, TONY! HOW ABOUT SOME SWEET SWING FER A CHANGE?

QUIET, MUGG! YOU'LL LIKE DIS COMPOSER, WAGNER, OR ELSE!

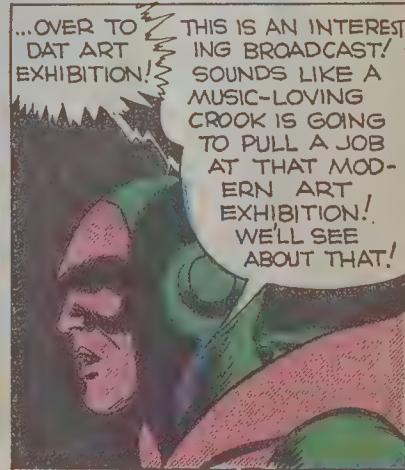


I COULD LISTEN TO DIS GUY'S MUSIC BY DA HOUR! I CAN SEE DEM VALKYRIES RIDIN' ON THEIR HORSES, GALUMPH, GALUMPH, BOY, DIS MUSIC REALLY GIVES YA A PICTURE!



TOO BAD I GOTTA SHUT IT OFF ON ACCOUNTA DAT JOB! COME ON YOUSE GUYS GET YOUR GATS READY! LET'S GET OVER TO DAT ART EXHIBITION!

Click!



...OVER TO DAT ART EXHIBITION!

THIS IS AN INTERESTING BROADCAST! SOUNDS LIKE A MUSIC-LOVING CROOK IS GOING TO PULL A JOB AT THAT MODERN ART EXHIBITION! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

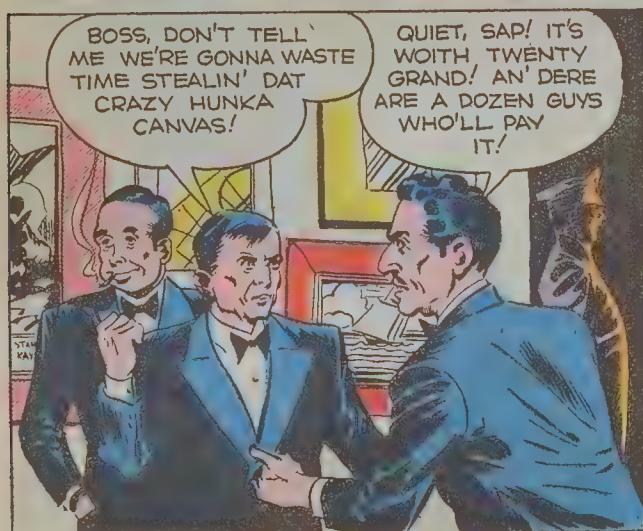
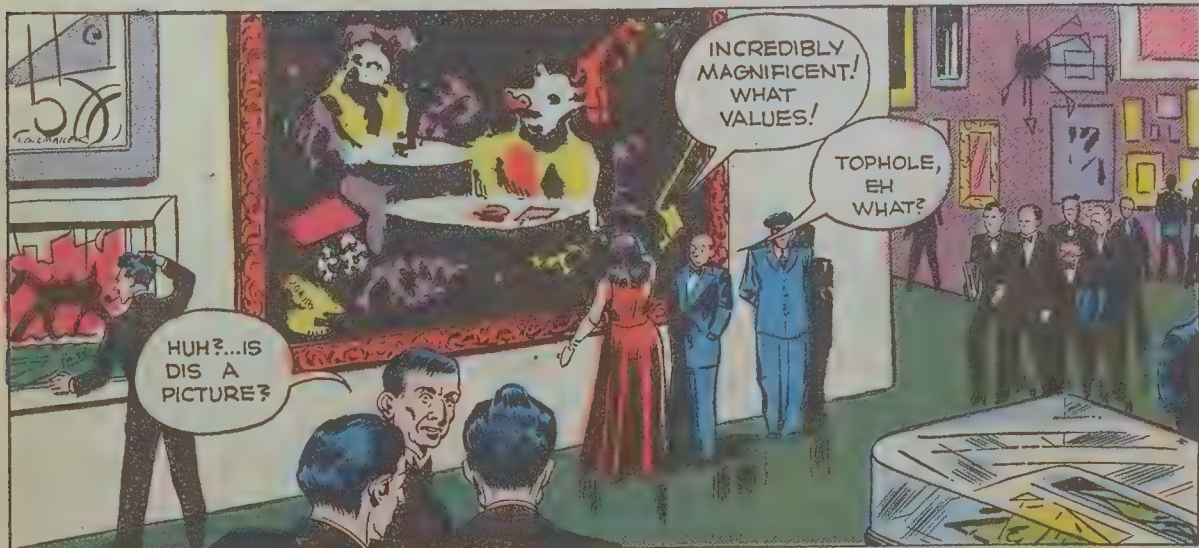


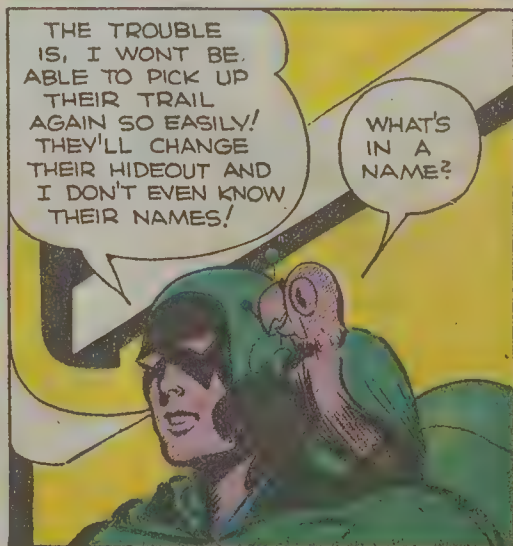
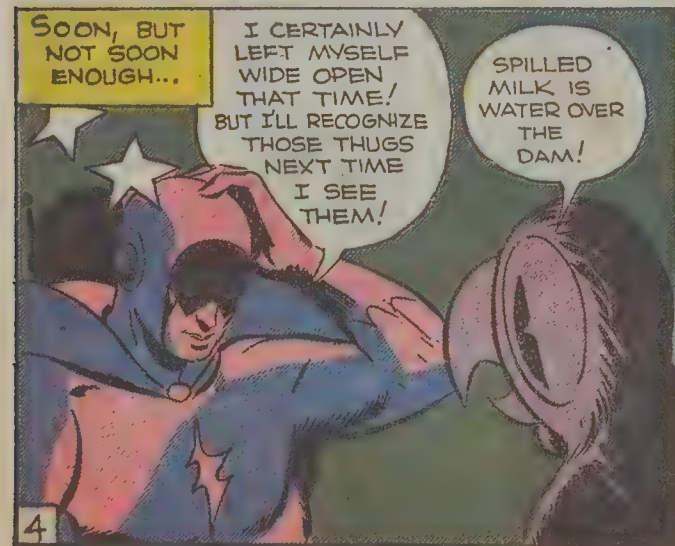
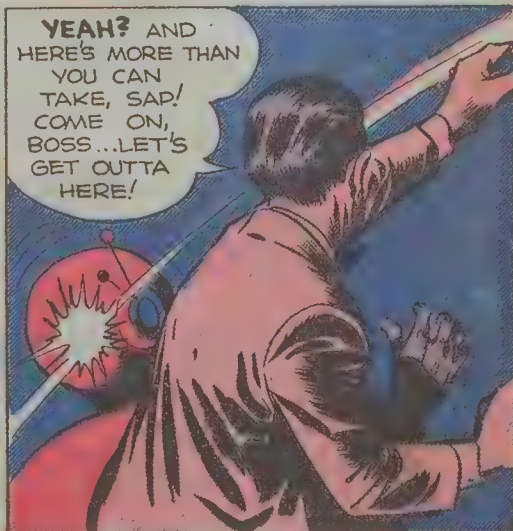
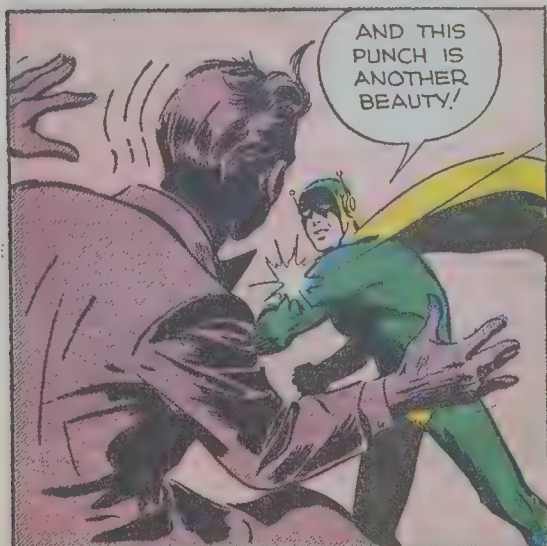
HIS VOICE DIDN'T SOUND FAMILIAR. HE MUST BE NEW IN TOWN! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO GREET HIM!

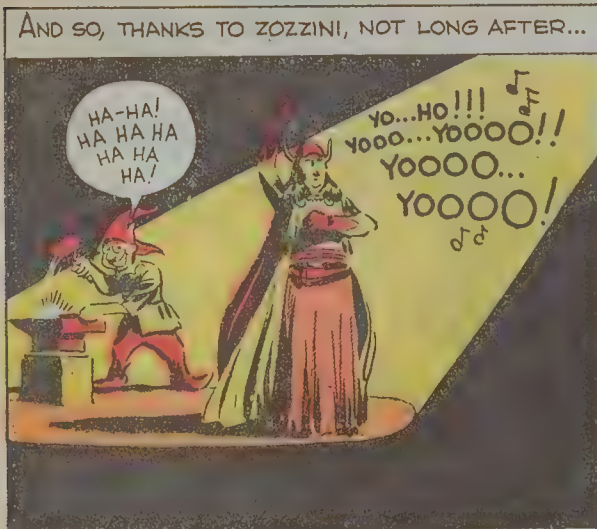
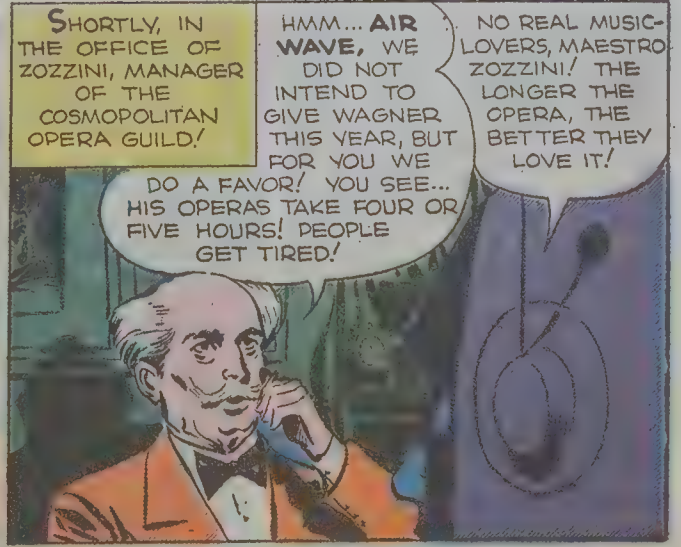
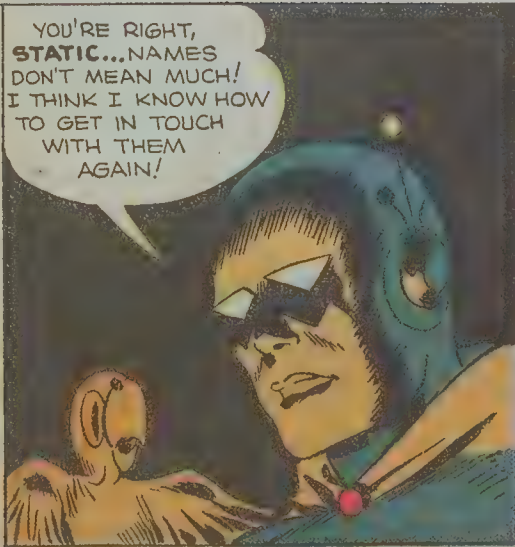
ONE MAN'S PLEASURE IS ANOTHERS MAN'S POISON!

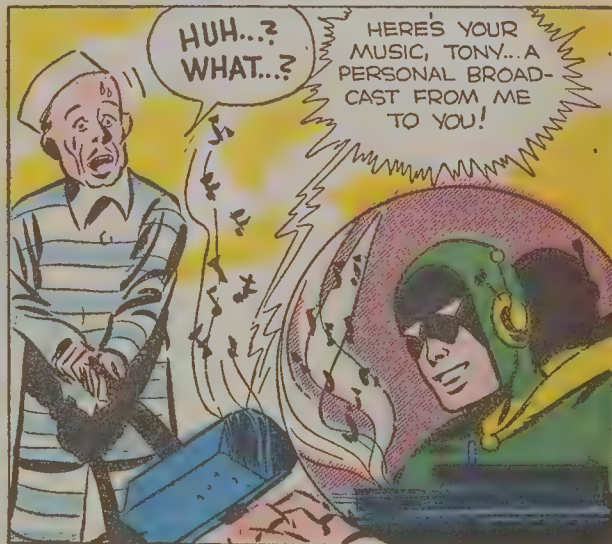
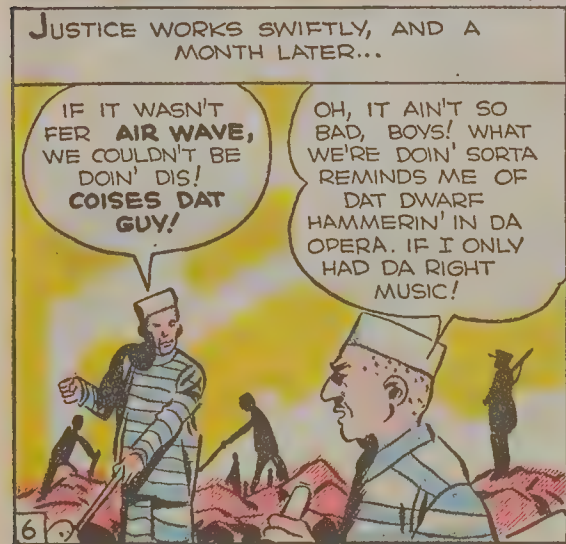
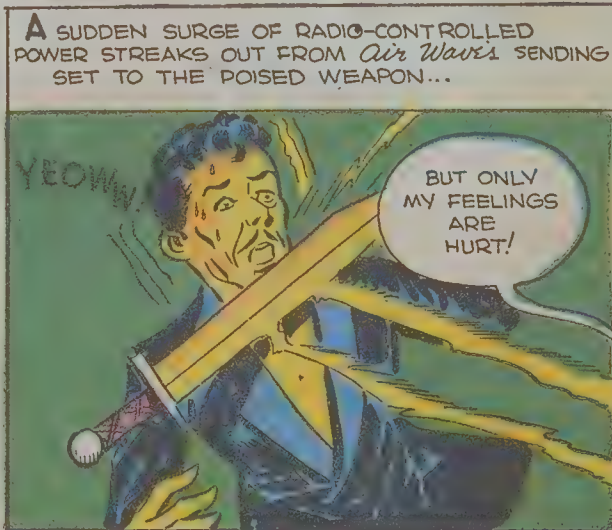
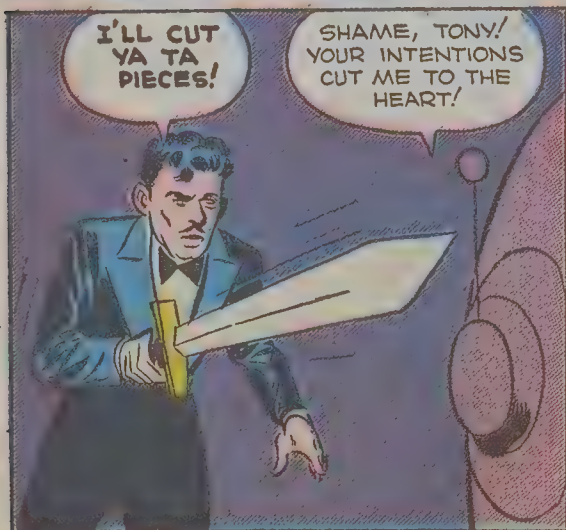
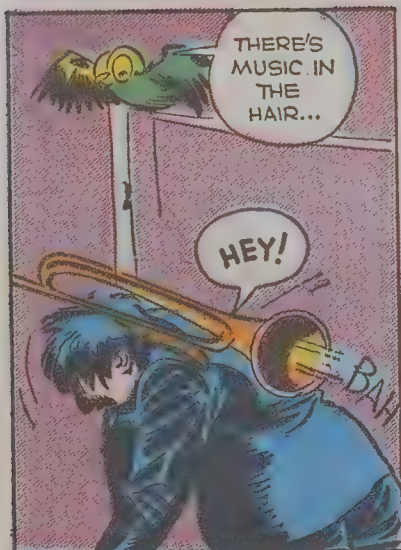


I'LL BET THOSE CROOKS ARE WEARING FORMAL CLOTHES, SO'S NOT TO BE CONSPICUOUS! HOW WILL I RECOGNIZE THEM?









FLYING MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANE



ACTUALLY FLY. Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.

EASY TO BUILD. Assembly kits include complete cut-out sheets on special paper cover stock and step-by-step illustrated instructions.

AUTHENTIC MODELS. Realistic copies of actual war-famed fighters.

HOLLOW FUSELAGE. Shaped to give recognition silhouettes of real Yak I-26 and Republic Thunderbolt P-47.

OVER 9-INCH WING SPREAD. For real gliding power.

RUGGED CONSTRUCTION. Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.

REALISTIC DETAIL. Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub. Indicating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flaps, machine guns.

FULL COLOR. Thunderbolt in regulation metallic blue of U.S. Army Air Force. Yak in bright blue with red markings.

OFFICIAL BATTLE INSIGNIA. Thunderbolt carries the U.S. bar and star design. Yak displays red star marking of Soviet Air Force and special squadron, arrow insignia along fuselage.

G-LINE FLIGHT. Rigged for continuous G-line flying, your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

ONLY WITH WHEATIES

These are planes 9 and 10 in a series of 12 famous fighters developed exclusively for Wheaties. They can be obtained only through Wheaties. Start right now to get every one of these flying models. And start enjoying more of the champion nourishment and zippy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Have Wheaties every morning, sometimes for lunch or supper... often for snacks.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of **GENERAL MILLS, INC.**

Two complete unassembled planes for only
ONE BOX TOP and FIVE CENTS



BUILD AND FLY these swell new planes in the exciting series of Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Flying Models. Fly and fight realistic copies of the ravaging Russian Yak I-26, crack Soviet pursuit ship, and the booming Republic Thunderbolt P-47, fast-striking, death-dealing ace of the U.S. Army Air Force

GET TWO COMPLETE ASSEMBLY KITS to build real flying fighters—exactly like those illustrated in this advertisement. Order yours with easy-to-mail coupon. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 8310, Chicago, Illinois. This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until March 1, 1945. So send at once! Right now!

TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JACK ARMSTRONG

Box 8310, Chicago, Ill

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models. U.S. Thunderbolt and Russian Yak I-26

I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name _____

Street Address _____

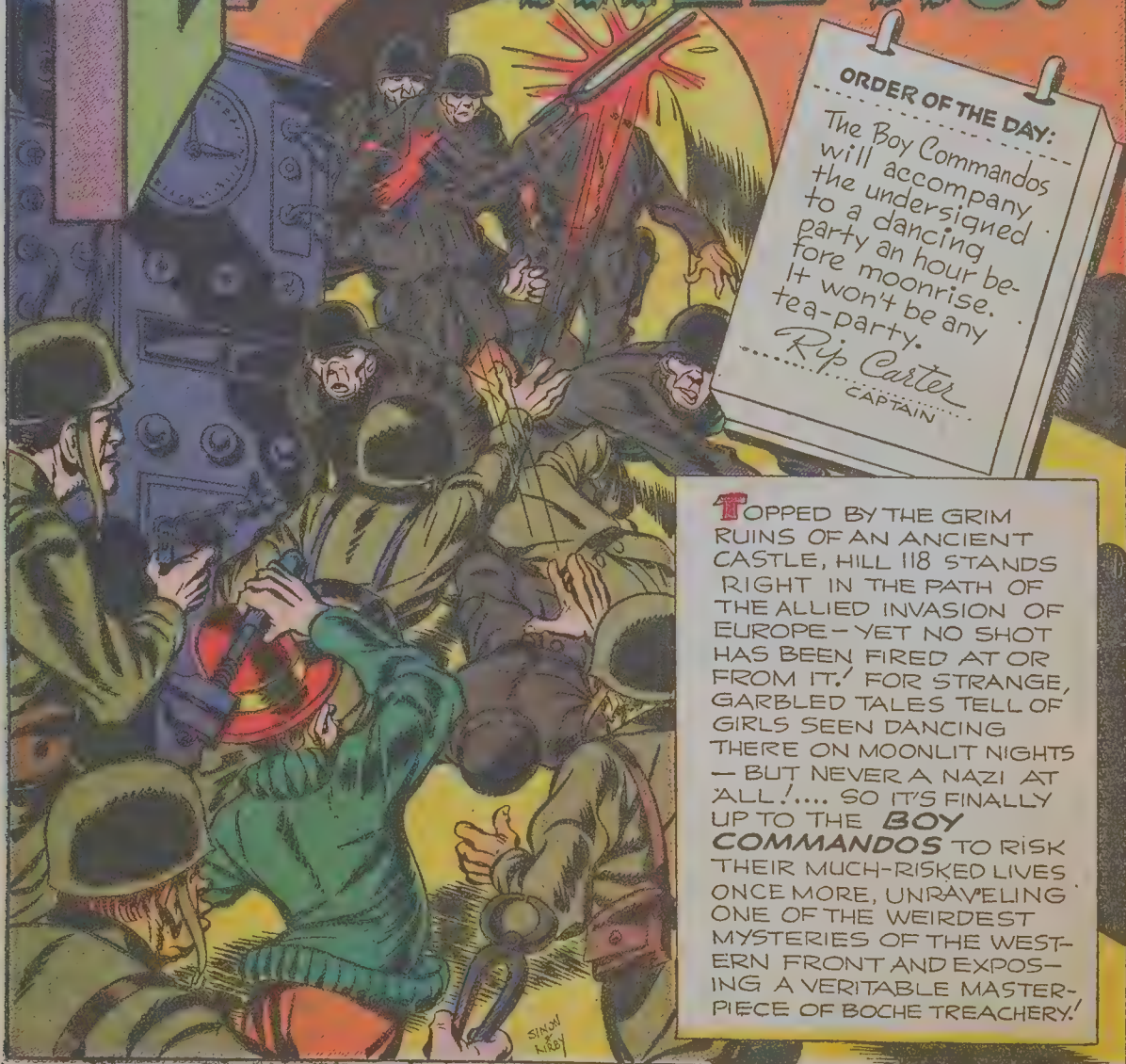
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The

BOY COMMANDOS

in

"The Secret of HILL 118!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:

The Boy Commandos will accompany the undersigned to a dancing party an hour before moonrise. It won't be any tea-party.

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

TOPPED BY THE GRIM RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE, HILL 118 STANDS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE ALLIED INVASION OF EUROPE—YET NO SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED AT OR FROM IT. FOR STRANGE, GARBLED TALES TELL OF GIRLS SEEN DANCING THERE ON MOONLIT NIGHTS—BUT NEVER A NAZI AT ALL!.... SO IT'S FINALLY UP TO THE **BOY COMMANDOS** TO RISK THEIR MUCH-RISKED LIVES ONCE MORE, UNRAVELING ONE OF THE WEIRDEST MYSTERIES OF THE WESTERN FRONT AND EXPOSING A VERITABLE MASTERPIECE OF BOCHE TREACHERY!

SIMON
KIDBY

THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE GREAT CONFERENCES OF THE WAR, BUT IT HAS ITS POINTS OF INTEREST...

I FLEW LOW OVER HILL 118 JUST AFTER THE MOON ROSE LAST NIGHT—AND COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW GIRLS DANCING IN THE GRASS ABOUT THE RUINS OF THE OLD CASTLE!



YOU WERE STATIONED AT THE BASE OF THE HILL BEFORE WE CAPTURED YOU, WEREN'T YOU?

JA! UND I KNOW OF DER DANCING GIRLS! I VAS TOLD THEY WERE A FEW OF HUNDREDS OF WOMEN UND CHILDREN WHO HAFF TAKEN REFUGE IN DER OLD CASTLE!



YOU HAVE SEEN THIS—ER—PERFORMANCE, PIERRE?

I LAY HALF THE NIGHT ON THE HILL TO SEE IT—BUT WHEN THE GIRLS BEGAN TO DANCE, I KNEW THEY WERE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE SLAIN BY THE BOCHE, AND I CREEPT AWAY IN FEAR!



I THINK IT'S A SCHEME TO COVER UP SOME ELABORATE NAZI INSTALLATIONS ON HILL 118!

BUT YOU COULD BE WRONG, COLONEL—AND WE COULD FIND OURSELVES IN THE POSITION OF SHELLING HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

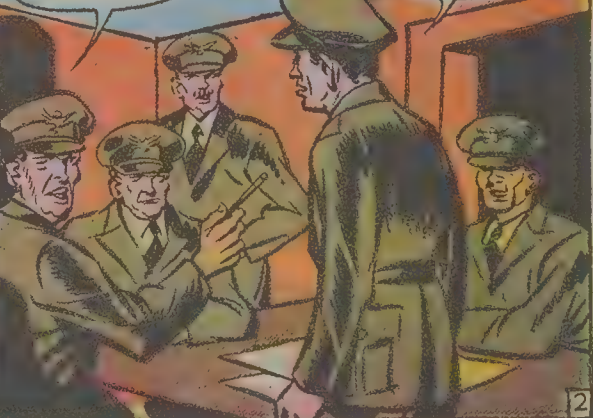


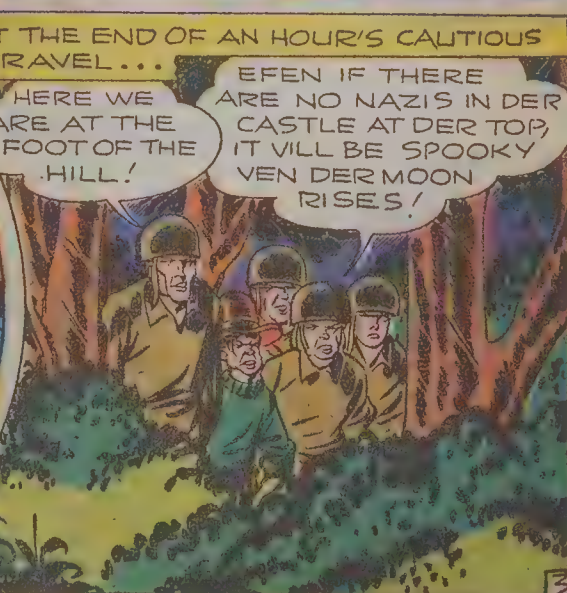
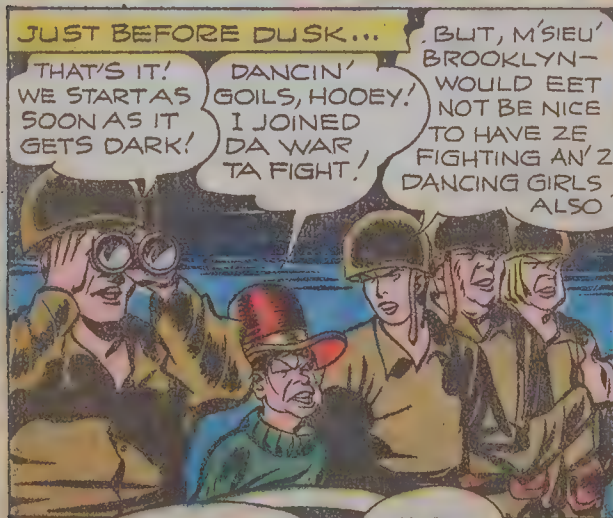
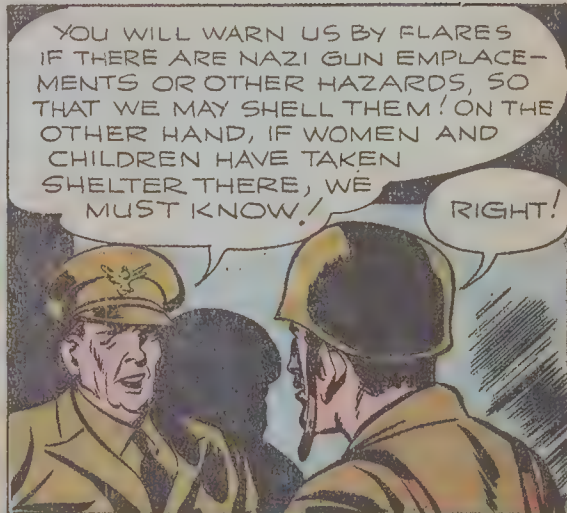
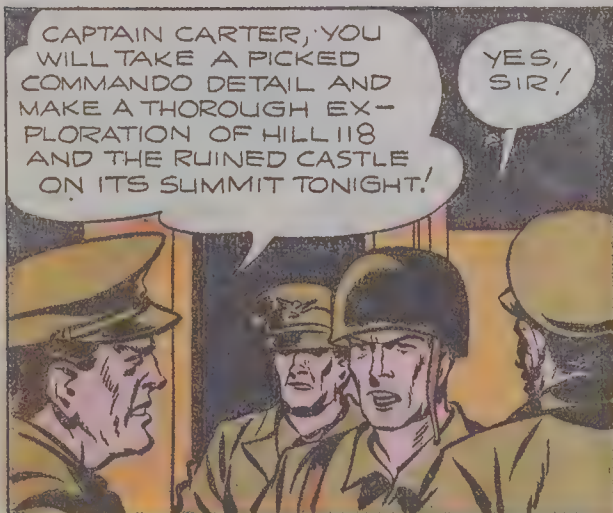
WE ADVANCE AGAIN AT DAWN, AND HILL 118 IS RIGHT IN OUR PATH! WE MUST TAKE IT, AND WE MUST KNOW WHETHER ANY RESISTANCE WILL BE OFFERED—AND WE MUST KNOW THIS IN ADVANCE!

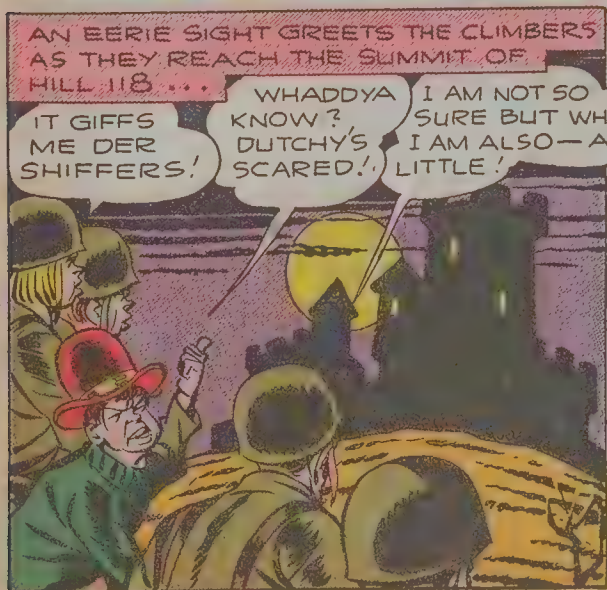
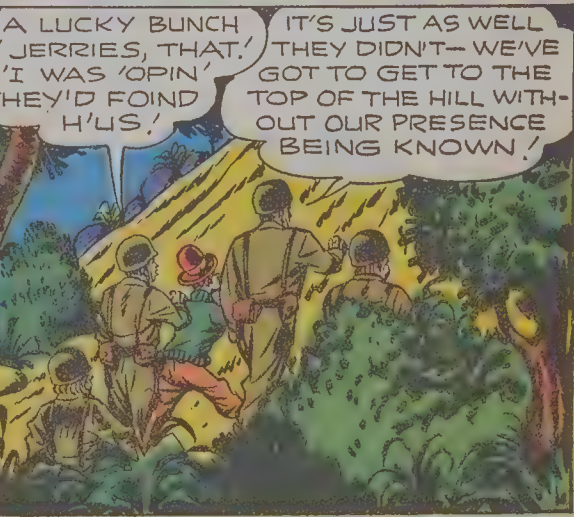
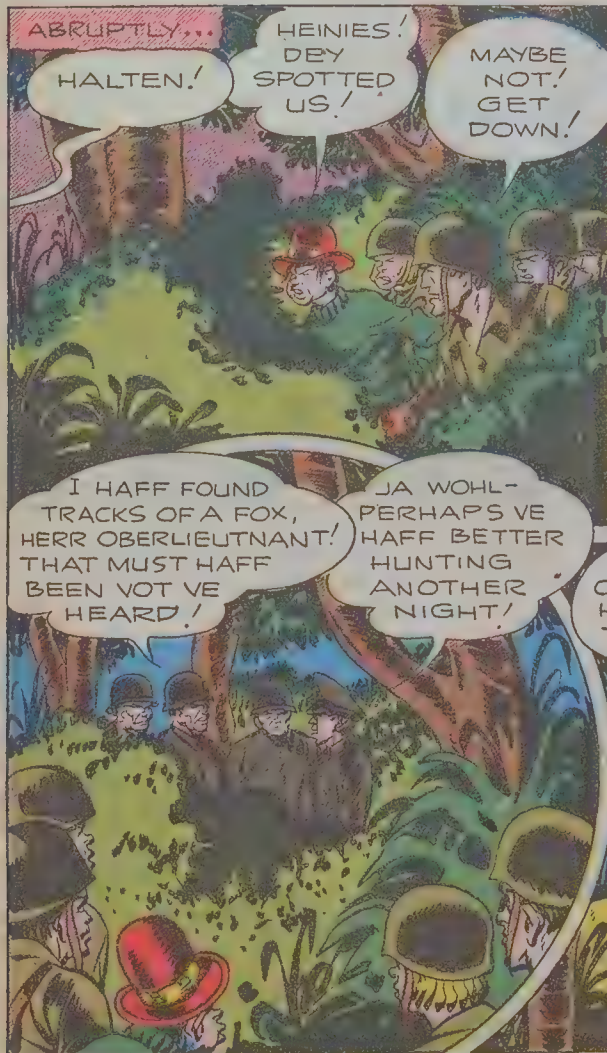


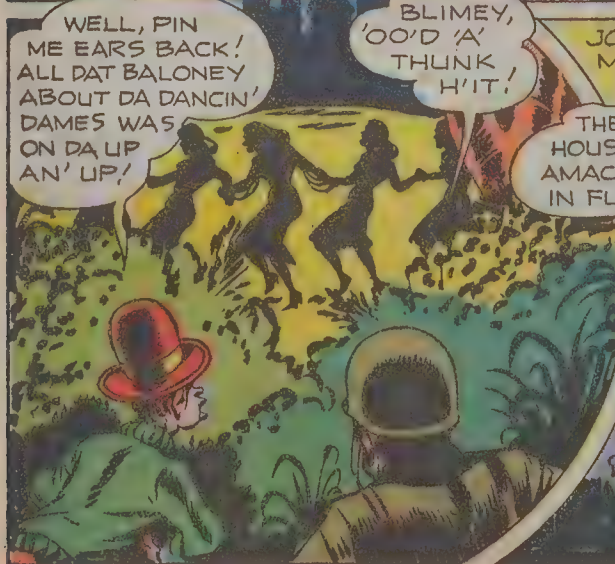
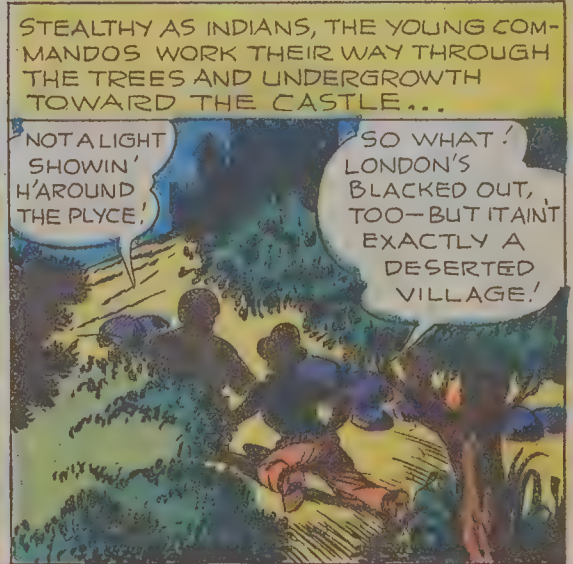
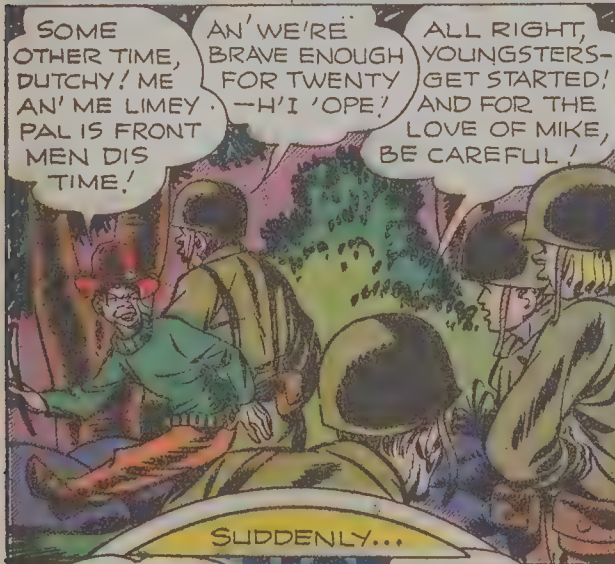
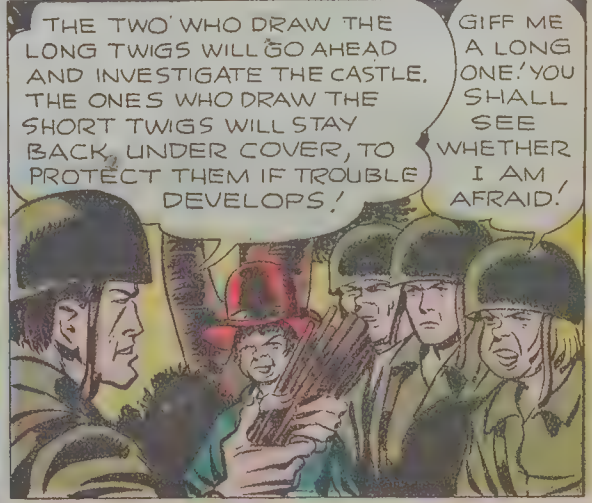
SEND FOR CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AT ONCE!

RIGHT AWAY, SIR!







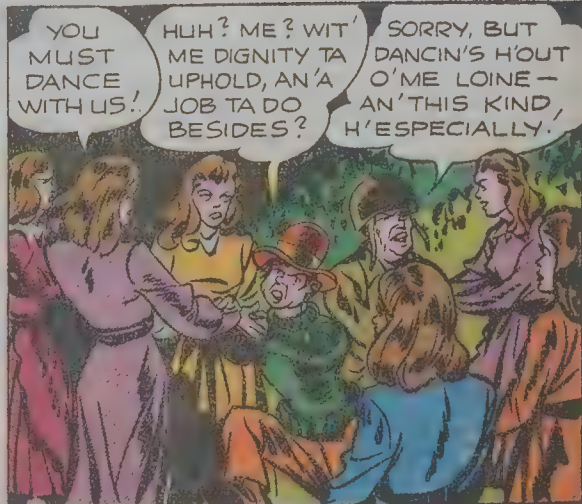




KEEP IT UP! YA GOT SOME REAL JIVE THERE!

HÍ HÍ 'AD ME 'ARMONICA, H'I'D MYKE SOME MUSIC!

SOLDIERS! COMMANDOS!



YOU MUST DANCE WITH US!

HUH? ME? WIT' ME DIGNITY TA UPHOLD, AN'A JOB TA DO BESIDES?

SORRY, BUT DANCIN'S H'OUT O'ME LOINE—AN'THIS KIND, H'ESPECIALLY!



SOMETIMES H'I THINK THERE, JUST AIN'T NOTHIN NICER THAN A REAL, NICE WAR—TILL I REMEMBER H'IT AIN'T H'ALL DANCIN'!

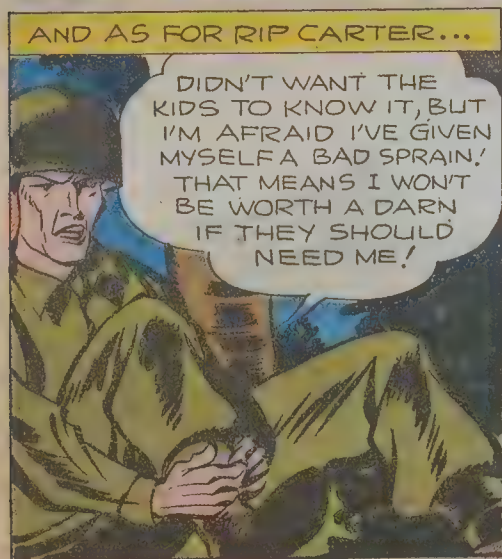
DA GOILS USED TA PULL EACH OTHER'S HAIR OUT TA GET TA DANCE WIT' ME BACK IN BROOKLYN, U.S.A.!

REALLY?

BACK IN THEIR FIRE-COVERING POSITIONS, JAN AND ANDRE RUB THEIR EYES IN AMAZEMENT...

DANCING—MIT BEAUTIFUL GIRLS! ISS IT TRUE, ANDRE, OR AM I IMAGINING IT?

EET EES TRUE, MON AMI! ZAT BROOKLYN, HE ALWAYS GETS ZE BREAKS!



AND AS FOR RIP CARTER...

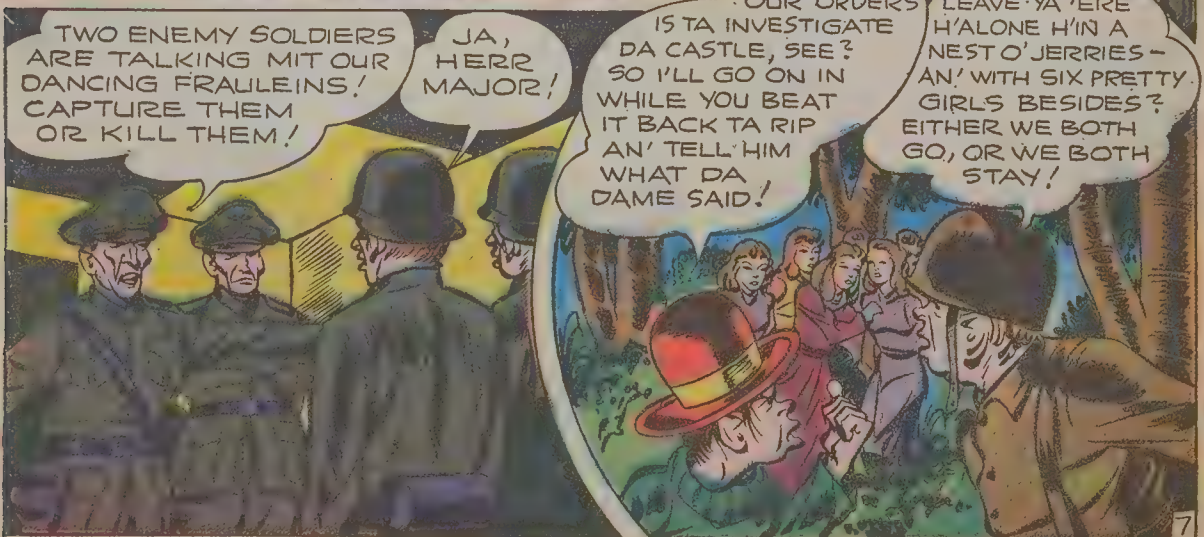
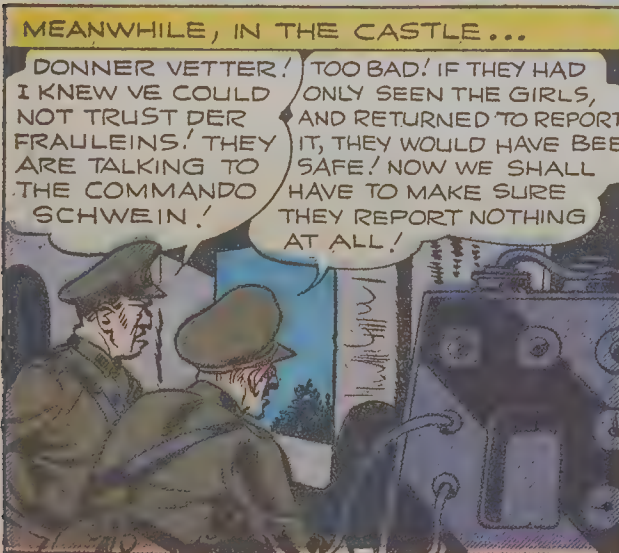
DIDN'T WANT THE KIDS TO KNOW IT, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE GIVEN MYSELF A BAD SPRAIN! THAT MEANS I WON'T BE WORTH A DARN IF THEY SHOULD NEED ME!

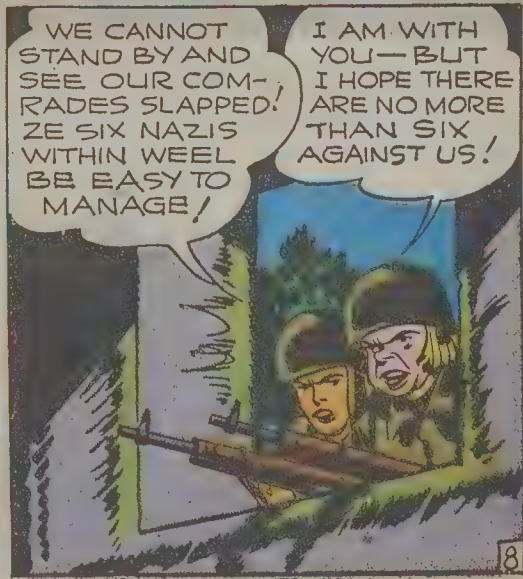
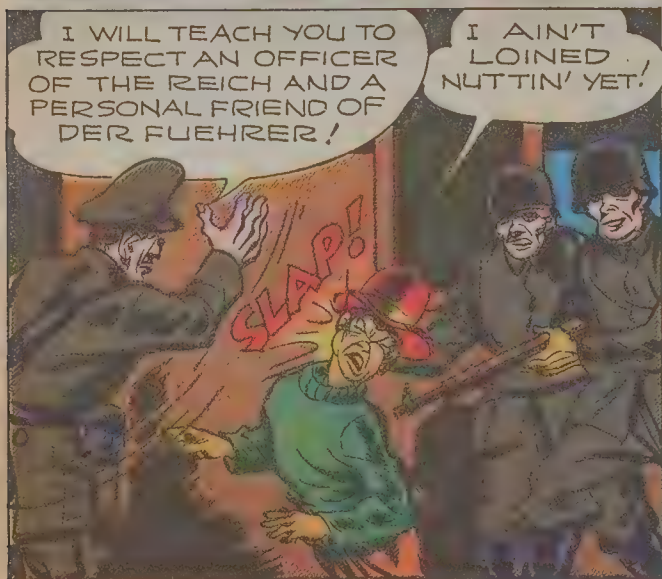
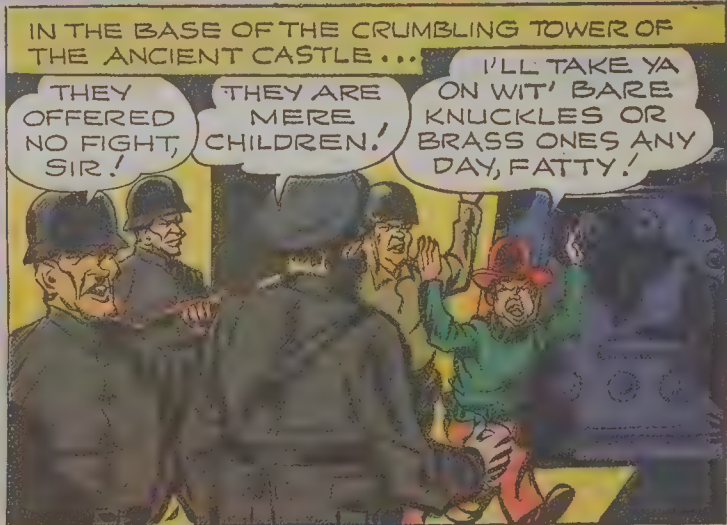
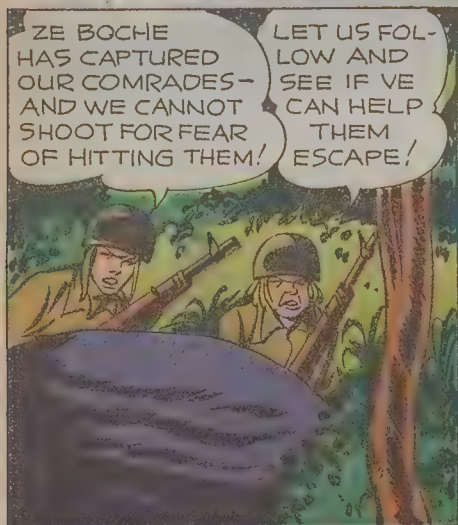
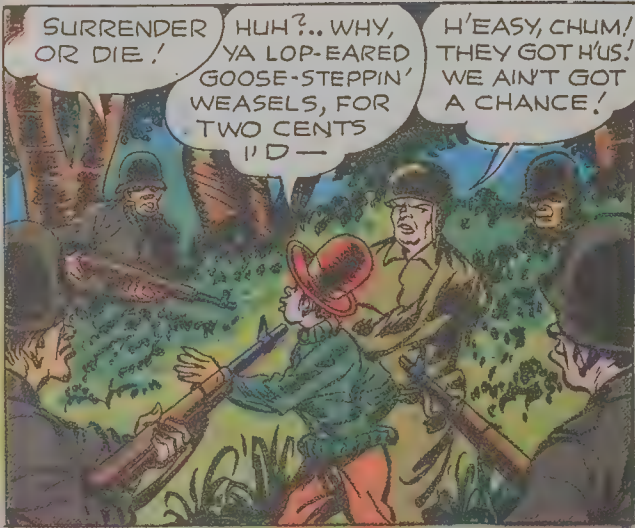


AS THE STRANGE MOONLIGHT DANCE COMES TO AN END...

LISSEN, SISTER—WHAT'S IN DA CASTLE?

NAZIS! A TRAP FOR THE ALLIES WHEN THEY ADVANCE THIS FAR. THAT IS WHY WE MADE YOU DANCE WITH US—SO THAT WE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO WARN YOU!







THE NEXT MOMENT...

SURRENDER, OR YOU ARE DEAD BOCHES!

HIMMEL! MORE OF THEM!

JUST DA CHANCE I WAS HOPIN' FOR!

HELP! MUNSTER! KAFFELL!

LEMME TEACH YA TA RESPECT ME INSTEAD, HUH?

VE ARE VINNING!



BUT AN INNER DOOR IS THROWN OPEN, AND —

ACHTUNG! SURRENDER!

LUMME—I'M AFRAID THEY GOT US!



YA GOT US-BUT KEEPIN' US AIN'T GONNA BE SO EASY!

HANS! BRING DER SPOOL OF BARBED WIRE!

I FEAR, MON PAUVRE BROOKLYN, YOU SPOKE TOO SOON!



LENGTHS OF BARBED WIRE ARE WRAPPED TIGHTLY ABOUT THE PRISONERS!

OUCH! H'LL GET H'EVEN FOR THIS IF IT TYKES ME A 'UNDRED YEARS!

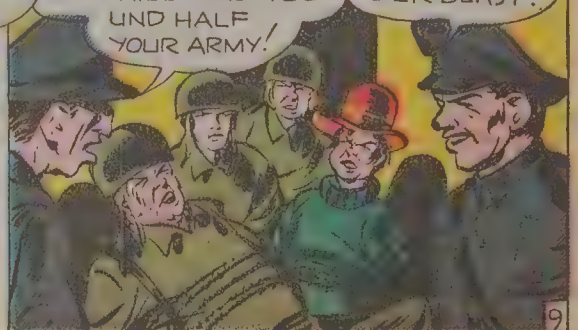
I TELL YOU, IT IS CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF WAR!

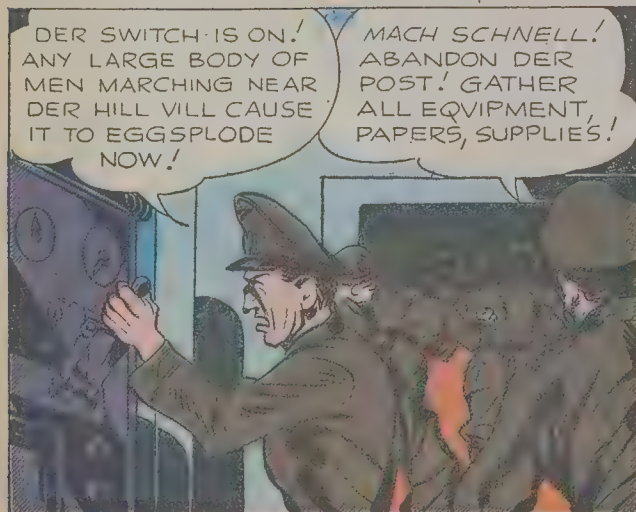
SINCE WHEN DID DA RATZIS EVER CARE FOR LAWS?



IT VON'T HURT FOR LONG! SO SOON AS DER ALLIED ADVANCE REACHES HERE, DER ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT VILL EGGSPLODE DER HILL-UND YOU-UND HALF YOUR ARMY!

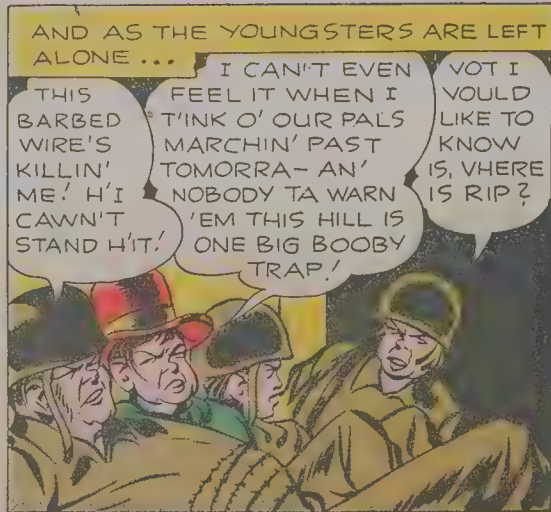
NOT TO MENTION DER PRETTY DANCING GIRLS WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, UND NOW ARE LOCKED IN A ROOM AVAITING DER BLAST!





DER SWITCH IS ON!
ANY LARGE BODY OF
MEN MARCHING NEAR
DER HILL VILL CAUSE
IT TO EGGSPLODE
NOW!

MACH SCHNELL!
ABANDON DER
POST! GATHER
ALL EQUIPMENT,
PAPERS, SUPPLIES!

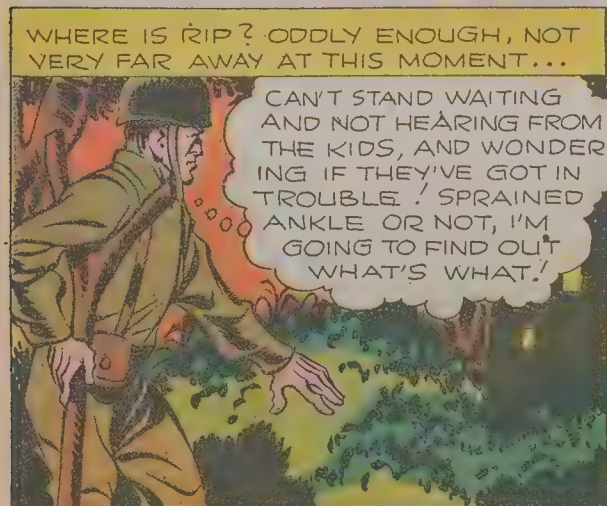


AND AS THE YOUNGSTERS ARE LEFT
ALONE ...

THIS
BARBED
WIRE'S
KILLIN'
ME! H'I
CAWN'T
STAND H'IT!

I CAN'T EVEN
FEEL IT WHEN I
T'INK O' OUR PALS
MARCHIN' PAST
TOMORRA- AN'
NOBODY TA WARN
'EM THIS HILL IS
ONE BIG BOOBY
TRAP!

VOT I
WOULD
LIKE TO
KNOW
IS, WHERE
IS RIP?

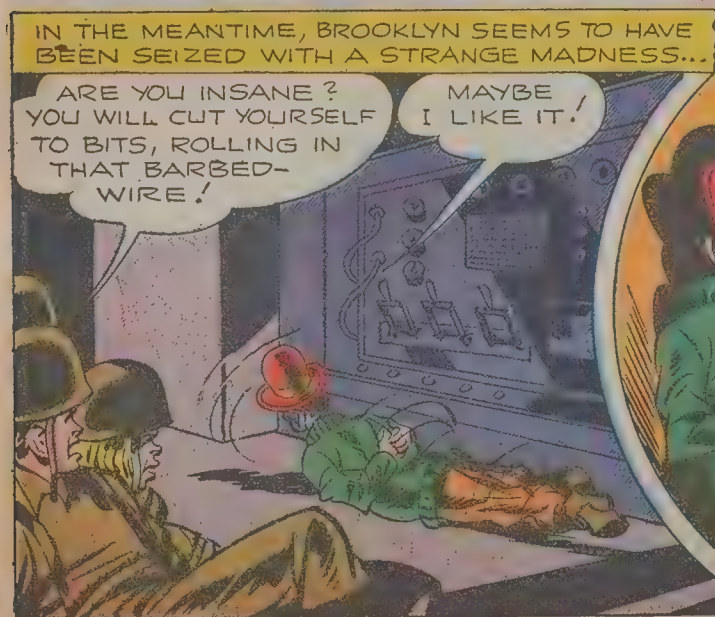


WHERE IS RIP? ODDLY ENOUGH, NOT
VERY FAR AWAY AT THIS MOMENT...

CAN'T STAND WAITING
AND NOT HEARING FROM
THE KIDS, AND WONDER-
ING IF THEY'VE GOT IN
TROUBLE! SPRAINED
ANKLE OR NOT, I'M
GOING TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S WHAT!



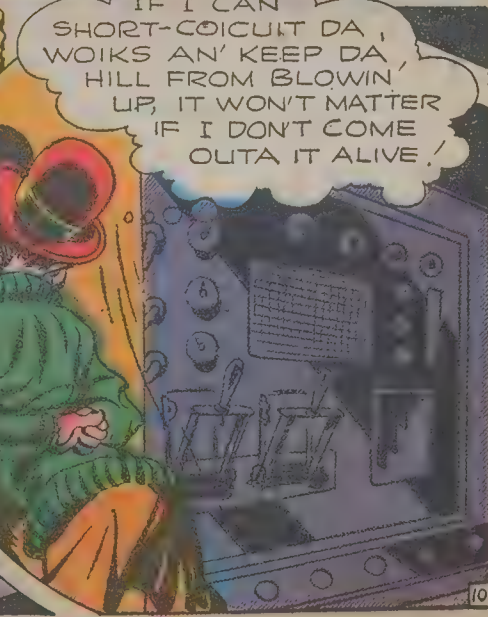
I'M BEGINNING
TO FIND OUT
ALREADY!



IN THE MEANTIME, BROOKLYN SEEMS TO HAVE
BEEN SEIZED WITH A STRANGE MADNESS...

ARE YOU INSANE?
YOU WILL CUT YOURSELF
TO BITS, ROLLING IN
THAT BARBED-
WIRE!

MAYBE
I LIKE IT!



IF I CAN
SHORT-CIRCUIT DA,
WOIKS AN' KEEP DA
HILL FROM BLOWIN'
UP, IT WON'T MATTER
IF I DON'T COME
OUTA IT ALIVE!

SUDDENLY—BROOKLYN DOES AN INCREDIBLE AND HEROIC THING!

BLIMEY—'E'S GONE AN' H'ELECTRO-CUTED 'ISSELF

HE HAS SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE DIED WHEN ZE HILL EXPLODED!

OUR FRIEND—DER BRAVEST I HAFF EVER KNOWN!

WHAT A BUNCH A DOPES ' ALL I WANTED WAS FOR DA CURRENT TA MELT DAT WIRE OFFA ME! I KNEW I WAS TOO TOUGH TA GET HOIT.

PARBLEU! THE THEEK-HEADED IDIOT STEEL LEEVES!

AFTER DAT LAST CRACK, I MAYBE OUGHTTA LEAVE YA WIRED UP.' BUT I AIN'T ONE TA HOLD A GRUDGE!

GRAB SOME HAMMERS AN' WRENCHES FROM DAT TOOL BOX. IF DA HEINIES FIND OUT I WRECKED DA ELECTRIC FUSE SYSTEM, DEY'LL BE BACK ON DA DOUBLE!

H'ALL H'I WANT'S H'ANOTHER CRACK ' AT 'EM!

SNAP!

THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE FREE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON — FOR ABRUPTLY...

SO— YOU BRATS CAN- NOT VAIT TO DIE '

WE CAN WAIT AS LONG AS YOU CAN!

'OW D'YOU LOIKE BARBED WIRE, ME GOOD MEN ?

RIP! ATTABOY, RIP!

ACH! 'VE HAVE NOT A CHANCE AGAINST SUCH MADMEN AS THESE!

THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE GREATEST VICTORIES OF THE INVASION, BUT IT HAS ITS SATISFYING ASPECTS...

KAMERAD!

JUST WHEN I WAS GETTIN' SET FOR A SPELL O' FUN!

ANYWAY, IT VILL BE GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THIS HILL!

KAMERAD!

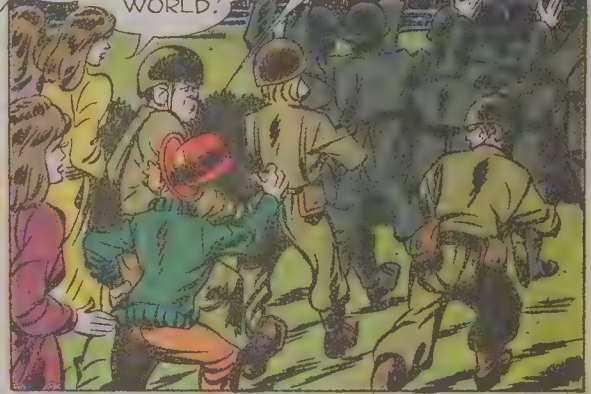


THE MARCH BACK...

I THINK COMMANDOS ARE THE MOST WONDERFUL SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD!

SOME OF 'EM, ESPECIALLY! TAKE ME, F'RINSTANCE!

ZAT BROOKLYN!

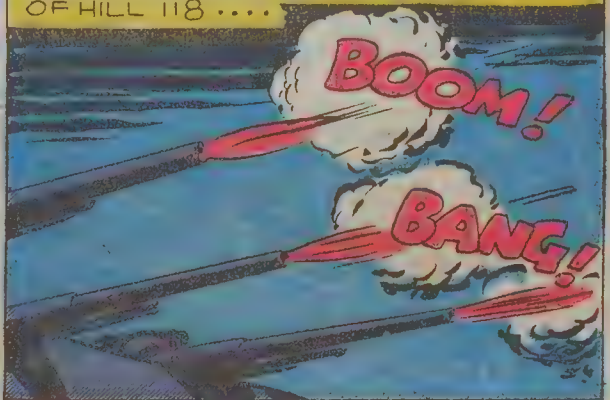


ONCE CLEAR OF THE HILL, RIP FIRES THE SIGNAL FLARE THAT MEANS: "WARNING - NAZI INSTALLATIONS!"

NOW FOR THE PAYOFF!



FAR BEHIND THE ALLIED LINES, BIG GUNS THUNDER, SEEKING THE RANGE OF HILL 118....



IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES THEY HAVE THE RANGE!

A DIRTY NAZI TRAP THAT MIGHT HAVE COST THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF OUR MEN!

LUMME - THE 'ILL MUSTA BEEN FILLED WITH TNT FROM BOTTOM TO TOP!

BOOM!

JUST THINK, IF WE WAS STILL LYIN' UP IN THAT CASTLE!



AND THAT'S ALL, GENTLE READER - EXCEPT THAT FOR DAYS AND DAYS AFTERWARD SCENES LIKE THIS ARE COMMON AT COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS...

JEANNE WAS DA PRETTIEST, BUT COSETTE HAD DA NICEST EYES!

H'I LOIKED YVETTE BEST, AN' MARIE NEXT!

COME, JAN-ZEY ARE JUST TRYING TO PRETEND ZEY ARE BIG, BAD BEARS!

YOU MEAN WOLVES, ANDRE!





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climb into that ventilating system before the guard at the desk spots us."

The three men clambered noiselessly into the square cave of darkness which brought fresh air past their faces. Booksy was the last one in. Noiselessly, he swung back the iron grate so that it snapped back into place. No one had seen them disappear. From now on escape was easy.

As they crouched in the darkness, the big, bulky form of Muscles trembled nervously beside the listening Booksy. The big man couldn't believe that all he had to do was to walk out of prison through an air-cooled tunnel. He whispered hoarsely into Booksy's ear.

"Boss! Boss! Dis wall is wide enough, jus' like ya said. But kin we trust..."

Booksy's angry fist thudded against the blackness of the other man's jaw. He didn't hurt Muscles. No one could hurt that mountain of a man with a fist like a cream puff. But both Muscles and Cutter were reassured by the tense and rapid-fire whispering that hissed angrily and quietly through Booksy's teeth.

"You wooden-headed muggs! How many times do I have to explain it to you? I tell you we can't fail now. The worst of it is over. They'll never find us in this prison again. In twenty minutes we'll be free men. I studied the old plans of that prison layout I found in that book on architecture. It showed me a tunnel that was once used to connect the old cell blocks. And this is it. This tunnel is now being used for the modern cooling system. All we have to do is feel our way in the dark to the end of this cave, and then smash our way out into the river below. We'll be free! Free! Now come on! I'll lead the way!"

Slowly, stumbling up the rough incline of the tunnel, they inched their way forward into the blast of fresh air that rush-

ed into their faces. It was black as ink. Nothing could be heard but their own muffled breathing. In ten minutes of careful walking they reached the wooden partition that Booksy had recognized in the old map he'd found. Booksy almost yelled his triumph, he was so excited to find out that the old map had really been on the level. But Booksy kept his voice down to a cool whisper. He filled his two brawny companions with confidence. Because there was a tough job ahead.

"This is it! This is the wooden partition that's in front of a wall of clay bricks that overlooks the edge of the river. All we have to do is to smash through that clay wall. We drop into the river. We all swim safely to the other shore. My men will pick us up there. I told them of this plan on the last visitor's day. Now get busy, you two! Smash that wall!"

Muscles and Cutter were confident, now that they could feel the grooved edges of the wood paneling that was set in the concrete wall. Their fingers ran over it in the dark. Touched it from top to bottom, making sure it was only a wooden door. They whispered gratefully to Booksy.

"Chee, boss! Youse is sure a smart guy. Spottin' dis exit in an old map. An' bringin' us along tuh smash down da wall. Even if it's bricks instead of clay, we'll knock it down fer ya. Jus' stand aside an' let us git a little run!"

More than four hundred pounds of bone and muscle backed carefully to one end of the dark tunnel. They pressed their broad backs against one side of the passage, and then, at the count of three, they lunged forward to batter at the wooden door with their burly shoulders. As they crashed into the wood, and the splinters let in a ray of light, Booksy exulted to himself. Without an instant's

hesitation he threw himself after his two helpers.

* * *

Hours later, Warden Martin was explaining it all to his guards and newspapermen.

"I was sitting right here in my office, at this desk. Suddenly a tremendous crash sounded in the wall over there to the right. Through that gaping hole in the plaster came hurtling the bodies of three of the toughest lifers in this prison. As you can see, they fell about fifteen feet. Knocked themselves out. All I had to do was call the guards and have them carried back to their cells. Seems that this smart Booksy fellow found an architect's drawings from the year they decided to remodel this prison. His ideas for escape were almost perfect. Only, he should have been told that the architect made some changes in his original plans, so that the tunnel that used to wind straight to the river bank and a possible escape, now runs past the wall of my private office. And those three criminals dropped in on me."

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